THE ALTERNATIVE

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A New York Intellectual Emerges from the Literary Jungle.

Robert L. Bartley *William F. Buckley Jr.* *Nathan Glazer*
on Irving Kristol and the Public Interest *crowd.*

And a Special Review by
Roger Rosenblatt

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THE ALTERNATIVE to bare the witness and the truth.

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Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin — and yes, sex, even sex.

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The Continuing Crisis

● Mr. Lyndon Johnson suffered a heart attack on April 7, and Jack Nicklaus won the Masters Golf Tournament. The massive invasion of South Vietnam by some ten or eleven North Vietnamese divisions was used by Mr. Nixon as a pretext for sending B-52 bombers deeper than ever into an almost defenseless North Vietnam. On April 9 the B-52s rained destruction over Hanoi and Haiphong, setting off fuel fires in what the North Vietnamese described as mostly hospitals, convents, nurseries and pet shops.

● With Mr. Nixon's increased military activity in Indochina, campus violence again reared its idealistic head. The University of Illinois reported that an unknown male student broke into a women's dormitory and forcibly administered enemas to three unsuspecting coeds; no professors were harmed. The Nixon Administration's bombing touched off a week of political awareness at Columbia when students were prevented from attending classes when militants captured five buildings, picketing others. But the assiduously vigilant American Civil Liberties Union leapt to the battlements. Charging that the university imperiled the militants' rights to privacy and a free press by cutting off their telephones in the occupied buildings, the ACLU filed suit in United States District Court.

● In Cambridge highly motivated street people rampaged through Harvard's Center for International Affairs building, destroying potentially dangerous research and furniture. Similar scenarios were enacted at many of the institutions of higher learning throughout the country during much of the month.

● Peace demonstrations were held in many major cities, but none featured the numbers or the *elan* of previous outings. It was all quite curious. And on the evening of April 26, Mr. Nixon announced plans to withdraw another twenty thousand troops from South Vietnam by July 1, though he will keep bombing North Vietnam until Hanoi halts its "massive invasion." As for the battles raging in South Vietnam, not much can be definitively stated at this writing except that the situation in the central highlands is not promising and the situation in the north is worse.

● Politics continued to stir the dust. Bujumbura Radio reported that Ex-King Ntare the Fifth of Burundi was arrested by Burundi's President Micombero and the Palace Guard, Michael Crawford. The Wisconsin and Massachusetts primaries were won by Senator McGovern. The Pennsylvania race went to Senator Humphrey. But Governor Wallace showed astounding strength, finishing second in both

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Editorial I

Thugs

IN HIS ARTICLE "Is Television News Biased?" *(The Public Interest*, Winter 1972), Professor Paul Weaver analyzes, among other things, the form of television news stories. According to Mr. Weaver, a television news story needs a short and simple narrative to attract and hold the attention of viewers. What unifies the narrative and thereby provides the focus of the story is a theme. Particular events are used to illustrate the theme. Mr. Weaver points out that, while the events that illustrate the themes of television news stories change from day to day, the themes themselves tend to be repeated over and over again.

My impression is that, from the upheaval at Berkeley in the fall of 1964 to the incidents at Kent State and Jackson State and the nationwide student strike in May 1970, the themes of television news stories (as well as newspaper and magazine feature articles) about American colleges and universities were generally these: a) discontent, b) protest (peaceful and unpeaceful, legal and illegal, ranging from campus to international issues), c) political activism (most of it radical), and d) the rejection of traditional teaching, learning and scholarship (often because of their alleged lack of "relevance"). My impression also is that, from the summer of 1970 to our present protests over the renewed American bombing of North Vietnam, the themes of stories about American colleges and universities were generally these: a) content or "quiet despair," b) absence of protest, c) political indifference or "moderate" political activity ("working within the system") and d) a return to traditional teaching, learning and scholarship. (I am talking about my "impressions" of the story themes because I have not conducted a study of this matter and, as far as I know, no one else has either.)

The themes of television news stories are illustrated by particular events, but they are not derived from systematic investigations of events or patterns of events. Television reporters do not have the training, the time, the resources or the desire to conduct such investigations; what they do have are a distinctive journalistic vocabulary and their imaginations. Television reporters are sent out to cover particular events or situations and then, drawing on their journalistic vocabulary and exercising their imaginations when they decide how to employ that vocabulary, they produce their stories. These stories are unified and given focus by themes. From the standpoint of the television reporters, who must produce their stories within short periods of time, the virtues of the themes are their simplicity and their adaptability, that is, they can be and are used to characterize varieties of events and situations. And, since they are used in this way, they create an impression of uniformity.

So, taken together, the themes of television news stories convey a conception of life as a collection of simple and uniform, even if changing, phenomena. But life in general and life at American colleges and universities in particular is complex and diverse. The complexity and diversity of life can be conceptualized and interpreted in many ways, but, in general, television news does not take account of this complexity and diversity in any way; the very form of television news stories works against its doing so.

All of this might matter only to students of mass media were it not that most peoples' "knowledge" of American colleges and universities consists almost exclusively of their familiarity with the themes of television news stories and newspaper and magazine feature articles about American colleges and universities. Familiarity with these themes may have more influence on what people think and do than their own experience, especially if their own experience does not include ongoing personal experience of a college or university. Their own experience, however, probably can provide them with a better sense of complexity and diversity than the themes of television news stories, which create an impression of simplicity and uniformity.

What worries me is not just that many people apparently do not take their own experience seriously enough but that they take television news very seriously indeed. These people seem to believe that, by watching the evening news, they are not just combating boredom but acquiring knowledge. In fact, they are acquiring familiarity with themes that drastically simplify life and that, therefore, can mislead people who take them as adequate descriptions or explanations of life. At one point in *Intelligence and Democratic Action*, Frank H. Knight says: "The worst trouble ... is not so much ignornace, but that people do not know they are ignorant; they know so much that is not true." People who assume that, since they watch television news, they know all that is worth knowing about American higher education and scores of other matters, "do no know they are ignorant." From the standpoint of their own intellectual integrity, they would be better off watching reruns of "McHale's Navy" than watching "NBC Nightly News."

Still, even people who are inclined to take television news seriously can appreciate that the themes of television news stories have conveyed conceptions of life at American colleges and universities that have been, at best, incomplete. From the autumn of 1964 to the end of May 1970, not all students or teachers were discontented, protesting, politically active or rejecting traditional teaching, learning and scholarship. Similarly, since the end of May 1970, not all students or teachers have been content, abstaining from protest, politically indifferent or returning to traditional teaching, learning and scholarship. In fact, traditional teaching, learning and scholarship have remained under attack, not only indirectly by people who advocate establishing quotas in the name of social representativeness or reallocating resources and redesigning curricula in the name of social responsiveness but also directly by people who want to prevent scholars from doing work on controversial matters or holding unpopular opinions about them.

Throughout this past academic year, Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and other radical groups have led a campaign of harassment and intimidation against some prominent scholars who have done work on the relationship between intelligence and race or intelligence and social class. The campaign's goal has been to force colleges and universities to dismiss these scholars from their positions and remove their works from reading lists. The campaign's means have ranged from distributing slanderous printed material (leaflets, pamphlets, posters and so on) to physically harassing the scholars who are the objects of the campaign in classrooms and meetings halls and even on the streets.

The SDS newspaper *New Left Notes* has covered the campaign, urged its readers to participate in it and suggested ways in which they might do so. For example, on page five of one issue of *New Left Notes*—I cannot cite the issue's date or number because the issues of *New* Left Notes are neither dated nor numbered — there is an item about Edward C. Banfield, formerly Henry Lee Shattuck Professor of Urban Government at Harvard University, now a University Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, and author of *The Unheavenly City* (reviewed in *The Alternative*, December 1970). The headline of the item is: "WAYS TO FIGHT BANFIELD AT YOUR SCHOOL." The item reads: "All over the country, in Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, SDS and others are fighting the racism pushed in Edward Banfield's *Unheavenly City*. It's no accident Banfield is being used in many (if not most) colleges. The government wants to soften people up

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Editorial II

Gossip Slingers

THE TOOLS a man uses to procure his daily mutton are an unerringly accurate intimation of the worthiness of his calling and state in life. For instance, if a man works with an array of devices including a small vial of poison, a revolver, several small utensils, blades of various lengths, a crowbar, explosives, a mask and a Book of Common Prayer, one may conclude that the livelihood of the man in question is one frowned upon by the archangels and other law-abiding citizens. Likewise if I am told that a man derives his sustenance almost exclusively from the usufruct of language my eyebrows rise instinctively. From the pit of my stomach flashes of premonition send forth tactical instructions to my cerebrum and I step back a bit, giving the scoundrel wide berth. Words are the tools of reform politicians, used car salesmen, white slavers and journalists. Such individuals always produce misery, mischief and conturbation for the citizenry and profit for themselves.

That the average American journalist is a scoundrel and a self-appointed mooncef is recognized by every decent individual in society save perhaps the journalist's mother and his lawyer. The problem with American journalism is not that it is American (as some journalists would have us believe), but that it is an "ism" possessed of no theory, doctrine or system that makes any sense. Though the typical self-effacing journalist sees himself answering a calling more sacred than that of the Peace Corps Volunteer or the conservationist, the fact is that journalists are generally a pretty raw and shady bunch, answering to no authority or set of standards that is not arrantly self-serving and hypocritical. I can think of no other profession or craft in which the practitioners or craftsmen stake their success and probity on the claim that the consumers of their product are howling in misery. Only in the journalistic underworlds is it taken as a sound axiom that the journalist is sedulous in his duty when he is stirring up the populous and making the dignitaries shriek.

Imagine the response if General Motors proclaimed that it built cars according to the same criterion. Imagine if the chairman of the board of General Motors announced solemnly that "an automobile maker is not doing his duty unless he is building cars that make people uncomfortable." How would that settle with Ralph Nader? What would the Federal Trade Commission say? Now actually, though General Motors declares otherwise, increasing numbers of discomfited Chevrolet drivers are convinced this is exactly the criterion GM follows, and every shareholders' meeting is taking on the bloodthirsty atmosphere of a women's wrestling match or a campus teach-in. Were GM ever to take the journalist's creed for its own, no employee of that giant corporation would ever dare to dine near an open window.

The journalist further assures us that it is his job to tell tales that frighten little children and make grown men grieve for their country. According to this balmy syllogism, the heinous and the low are news, the sweet and the joyous are not news. To qualify as genuine news an event must be startling and unusual. But the laziest glance at the *Chicago Tribune* or the *New York Times* suggests that what is unusual and startling today is not rape, homicide, malfeasance, larceny and wife beating. On the contrary, it is startling to hear of a man who is faithful to his wife, of a cab driver who follows the golden rule or of a public official who dies in poverty. Nevertheless, the editor of your home town gazette would sooner kiss a pig than dilute the lurid pages of his paper with such good tidings.

Journalists are some of the most notorious swindlers to come along since Eve. We know who hounds and investigates the politicians, the union

leaders, the military-industrial complex and such, but who scrutinizes the press? And how is anyone who does criticize the press ever going to be taken seriously? It seems whenever someone complains that the press is doing a shoddy, unfair or downright criminal job of distributing the gossip, the ingenius journalists leap at this criticism as irrefragable evidence that they are "on top of the news," vigilantly patrolling the commonweal.

Now comes our colleague, George Will, who has brought together Robert Bartley of the *Wall Street Journal*, Paul Weaver of Harvard's Department of Government, Douglas Cater, formerly a special assistant to President Johnson, Rowland Evans, a man of words, and Irving Kristol, an obscure New York intellectual, to publish a pamphlet which takes up many of the problems inherent in the press. Published by the American Enterprise Institute, *Press, Politics and Popular Government* can be ordered from AEI's Public Policy Research, 1150 17th Street NW, Washington, D.C. I commend it to your attention. It reinforces many of my own prejudices concerning the gossip slingers and is therefore, by my standards, first rate.

As I see it the press' peculiar dilemma emerges from the following data.

A) It is enormously difficult to reconstruct any past event. The truth is elusive in the present and even more slippery in the past. If any journalist admits this, by the way, his days are numbered.

B) The intellectualization of the press has made it assume a tone that is artificial, "negative," and inherently biased. It has also led journalists into reporting issues and events which they are generally ill-equipped to discuss.

C) The increased politicalization of American life has stoked the fires of bias and spread them into areas once free of politics, making authentic journalism even rarer. For instance ten years ago there was not much partisanship inflaming the broader questions of foreign policy and sex. Today the woman's page of a newspaper is apt to read as though it were written by a disciple of Goebbels.

D) Beneath the dilating politicalization there is the withering of a national consensus on the "meaning of American Society." This naturally has manifest itself in what some are given to calling "polarization." However deeply one wants to plumb the matter, polarization makes the job of objective reporting that much more difficult.

E) Most journalists subscribe to an ideology that sees social problems as social injustices, concomittant with vast residues of guilt and blame. When the atmosphere crackles with blame and teems with showers of guilt a calm, objective journalistic account is unlikely.

F) The public's appetite for drama forces many journalists to dwell on the dramatic and neglect the commonplace. The result is a simplistic and moralistic journalism of vociferous infallibility that: a) neglects the ambiguities and complexities of life and b) sells.

Yet I am willing to bet my subscription to the *New York Times* that the blank-faced ignorance of an Arkansas yokel is more salubrious to polity than the negative knowledge emboldening the high-minded academics of our fated republic.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

To Our Readers

Good Tidings! Great Joy! Just as we promised our afflicted readers last month, this is to be our last issue until October, when all of the jolly boys will return from their summer internship at the Central Intelligence Agency. If your address will be different this fall please let us know by using the Change of Address form which is found on page 2.

Incidentally this issue is but a scanty precursor of the palmy things we have planned for next fall, so, lest you miss a single issue this fall, may we suggest you renew your subscription now, using the house advertisement on page 28.

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THE ALTERNATIVE June-September, 1972

On the Public Interest

Irving Kristol and the Public Interest Crowd

Robert Bartley

AS ESTABLISHMENT liberalism blurred into radicalism in the middle and late 1960s, the most telling opposition came not from those we usually call conservatives but from another distinct group of thinkers for which we need a new name, perhaps "neo-conservatives."

To measure what criticism tells, look at the reactions of the criticized. The Nixon adviser most maligned in liberal circles was not a conventional right-winger, but Daniel Patrick Moynihan. In the radical-liberal book reviews, the most hated book of recent times was not anything by a conventional conservative, but Edward C. Banfield's *The Unheavenly City*. Of the same people, the wife of an Ivy League department chairman remarks to a young dinner-guest job applicant, "You don't mention names like that if you want to be hired in this department."

Such is the perverse homage paid to critics who not merely sting but bite, to critics who are a real threat. In fact, "names like that," along with others like Irving Kristol, James Q. Wilson, Robert Nisbet and Nathan Glazer, represent a new intellectual school composed of a somewhat ironical alliance of empirical social scientists and classical philosophers attuned to an almost forgotten conservatism. The best place to follow its development has been in the pages of that incomparable quarterly, *The Public Interest*.

Irving Kristol is a key figure in the group, first of all as a central personality, but also in exemplifying the philosophical side of the alliance. In his new book he says the two contemporary figures who have most influenced him are Lionel Trilling, the famous literary critic who first wrote of "the adversary culture," and Leo Strauss, the great Aristotelian scholar at the University of Chicago. And through the essays run the ancient philosophical themes we so seldom see today: the nature of man and society, the question of virtue and the importance of underlying values.

The basic viewpoint of the group rests on its conception of society. A society, culture or civilization is held together not ultimately by its formal institutions but by informal things — traditions, values, feelings and expectations shared by its citizens and imposing on them certain disciplines.

Thus the problems of society may stem not from material conditions or its formal insitutions but directly from the more important informal variables. In particular, the present distress of the United States and other western democracies arises from the erosion of values and traditions that have held them together. The most obvious manifestation of this erosion is the spread of the adversary culture, the growth of traditional intellectual hostility to capitalist society into a powerful and self-perpetuating force that undermines the authority and legitimacy any society needs to operate.

This view of society also suggests the immense difficulty of reform by rational prescription. Things are always so much more complex than they look. They have evolved that way through cut-and-fit adaptation, and those who follow rational prescriptions do not understand with what they tinker.

Kristol does not carry this as far as other members of the school might, though he says "the unanticipated consequences of social action are always more important, and usually less agreeable, than the intended consequences." He believes reforms are necessary, but not reforms intended to change the material conditions of life as to produce institutions that incorporate, stress and reinforce the values and traditions important to society. He calls for a "combination of the reforming spirit with the conservative ideal."

How to designate this body of thought or thinkers is admittedly a difficulty. "*The Public Interest* crowd" is serviceable enough for some purposes, but the magazine carries many other writers as well, and others outside its immediate circle are coming to parallel conclusions. For its own purposes, the circle solves the problem well enough; a fellow member is "a sensible person," or more likely "one of the few sensible persons around." You don't describe yourself that way, though, and various individuals are forced to formulations like "radical centrist" or "neo-Whig."

Yet the words — self-discipline, authority, legitimacy, values, virtue — are profoundly conservative ones. And the themes come straight from the pages not only of Aristotle but from Burke. While some of the individuals involved may still object to the title conservative, this is a heritage that deserves to be emphasized and reclaimed.

Thus Herman Kahn, one of those outside *The Public Interest* crowd who sounds parallel themes, speaks of the emergence of "conservationists: trying to conserve old values, but not necessarily interested in the economic and political emphasis of 'Landon' or 'Goldwater.' " His term is overly contrived and a bit awkward. I do not know who first used "neo-conservative" in this context, but it seems the one that best fits.

The term neo-conservative is also useful in making another contrast. Despite the heritage of pertinent themes, they are not the ones we normally associate with contemporary American conservatism. They are occasionally found in the pages of *The National Review*, to be sure, but other and perhaps contradictory themes leave them muted and confused. The neo-conservative themes speak so plainly to our day, indeed, that it is something of a mark against American conservatism that sounding them is left to a group laced with apostate liberals and radicals.

One must give credit where it is due, of course, and anyone who values conservative ideas of any sort owes a deep debt to Mr. Buckley. His talent and enterprise have succeeded in making clear that another tradition does exist as an alternative to the dominant liberalism. Without his skill and verve even that much probably would not be clear outside of a few cloisters here and there. Writing in this journal, Henry Regnery tells how Russell Kirk won his battle to impose the word "conservative" during the founding of *The National Review*. One wonders, though, if Mr. Kirk lost the war.

So often those who claim the word conservative are not followers of Burke but of Adam Smith. So often you find not skepticism about rationalist reformers, but the prescription of *Laissez faire* not merely as a marvelously efficient economic device but as a cure for the ills of society. So often you find not the thought that other nations must work out their own systems even if we know ours are better, but an apocalyptic anticommunism. So often we find conservatives stressing not the proection and preservation of

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the American mainstream, but opposition to it.

There is, of course, much truth in each of these conservative positions. Government regulation has an automatic tendency toward overextention. Even while dealing with Communist China, we should remember that its totalitarianism denies the values Western civilization holds dear. Many recent American trends wholly deserve opposition.

These are truths we should not forget, but they do not really seem the truths central to our day. That is why conventional conservatives so often march off into what strikes even many would-be friends as political irrelevancy, with the Goldwater campaign, strident opposition to the China initiatives, the Ashbrook candidacy. Now we even find that the New York Conservative Party has decided to oppose state senator John Marchi, its impeccably civilized standard-bearer against John Lindsay. Somehow there is the doctrinal rigidity one would expect of radicals, not the moderation one would expect of conservatives.

It is the strength of the neo-conservatives, by contrast, that despite their small numbers they have occupied a number of strategic intersections in American life. Politically, for example, they are something of a swing group between the two major parties. Their political outlook is that of establishmentarians looking for an establishment worthy of the name, and without taking any polls, one can guess that among them the most common Presidential preference would be, 1. Henry Jackson, 2. Richard Nixon. They represent an opportunity for the Republicans to break the Democratic strangle-hold on intellectual talent, and if the Republican Party ever figures out how to make use of any such thing it may, in fact, make itself into the sought-after establishment.

Intellectually, the neo-conservative themes are the central issues of our time. The collapse of vlaues. The place of tradition in a time of change. The need not only for outward material progress but for the inner satisfaction of living in what seems to be a proper society. The place of an intellectual elite in a nation where, *The Public Interest* reminds us, only eleven percent of adults have completed four years of college. These are contemporary issues; they are in fact what underlies "the social issue" of political note; and they may very well be the pressing issues of the vaunted post-industrial society.

Finally, in terms of policy as opposed to politics, the neo-conservatives have been able to deal with the realities that confront a relatively disinterested-policy-maker. *The Public Interest* has a circulation of only 10,000, but is perhaps the chief medium of common knowledge within the incredibly small circle where the public interest is weighed in a rigorous way. One finds it the most cited single source when talking seriously about social policy with policy-oriented White House aides, or assistant secretaries of cabinet departments or assistant directors of the office of management and budget.

The policy relevance is not due to the philosophers of the movement as much as to its social scientists, those initially attuned not to values but to the data that moves policy-makers. There is something of an irony here, since the Straussians have been among the strongest critics of the recent empirical turn in the social sciences. They felt this turn led away from the key question of values. It never occurred to them, it seems, that a truly hard-headed look at reality would lead back to the same questions, that a rigorous empiricism would prove that Aristotle was right.

Yet something like that seems to have happened to produce the melding of values and data that is represented by Kristol and his friends. The melding has produced an exceptionally strong and valuable outlook, one sensitive to both detail and the broad sweep, one relevant both to important political battlegrounds and to the diffuse hunger of our times, and above all one that resonates to reality.

That is why, when the intellectual history of the 1960s is ultimately written, we may find that the event of most lasting significance was not the advent of a new radicalism but the evolution of a new and newly relevant conservtism. □

Robert L. Bartley is associate editor in charge of day-to-day operations of the editorial page of the **Wall street Journal.** *This article was adapted by the author from an article in that publication.*

A Memoir of the 1940s

Kristol and the New York Intellectual Establishment

Nathan Glazer

IN 1945, I was an assistant editor at *Commentary*, which had started at the beginning of that year, a successor to the *Contemporary Jewish Record*. The intellectual ambience of the *Contemporary Jewish Record* and *Commentary* are not easy to communicate now. They were supported by the American Jewish Committee, the most conservative of the American Jewish defense organizations — and staffed by editors who thought of themselves as radical.

Admittedly, to be radical and anti-Stalinist in 1945 was a rather mild sort of thing. Nevertheless, it was an odd concatenation, and I do not know all the reasons for it. It appears that Louis Oko, the editor of the *Contemporary Jewish Record*, who it appears did represent the American Jewish Committee and its outlook, had hired Isaac Rosenfeld, the young Jewish novelist from Chicago, as his editor. Rosenfeld knew Yiddish, and this seemed some basis for hiring him. This developed a link between the *Contemporary Jewish Record* and the world of Greenwich Village, that is, of the readers of *Partisan Review,* and those who aspired to write for it. Indeed, the first successor to Rosenfeld, who left the job to write, was no less a figure than Clement Greenberg, one of the editors of *Partisan Review*, who included such awesome figures as Philip Rahv, William Phillips, Lionel Trilling and Dwight MacDonald.

Clement Greenberg was left as acting editor of the magazine when Oko died suddenly. He hired me — at least I had been in student Zionist politics and knew something, if not enough, about that side of things. When Elliot E. Cohen became editor of the newly enlarged magazine, *Commentary* (Cohen too was a friend of the *Partisan Review* circle, but he differed from it in a number of important ways), he inherited Greenberg and me. He appointed Robert Warshow, the young aspiring film critic, to the magazine. And in 1945 Irving Kristol began to write for it, and shortly thereafter joined it as an editor.

It must have appeared to all concerned that the old succession of those who edited, wrote for, could have written for or hoped to write for *Partisan Review* was being maintained at the editorial offices of *Commentary*. Kristol after all came out of a similar background — a Jewish neighborhood of New York, City College, the Troskyist youth, then he affiliated with the moderate Schachtamanite minority in the split of 1939, then he affiliated with the small group that split away again from the Schachtamanites, finding even its Marxism rather too much. And so, why not *Commentary*, home of radicals with such or similar careers?

But the fact is, Kristol was very different from the rest of us, and I recall my perpetual surprise at how different he was.

First, Kristol was interested in religion, and even, surprisingly enough, Judaism. He began to study Hebrew — from a grammer published by Oxford University Press, and of a level

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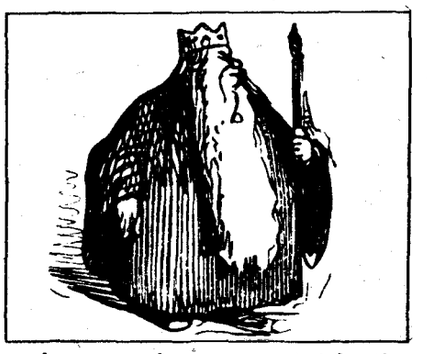
of complexity that put our afternoon Hebrew-School Hebrew to shame. He began to study the Bible. He decided we should study the Talmud, and he recruited me to a class of two that met with Seymour Siegel of the Jewish Theological Seminary. Certainly this immediately marked him with a rather surprising difference from Cohen, Greenberg and Warshow, who could never quite see the point of such enterprises. (I had my doubts too — I suppose even Kristol did — but was willing to go along.)

Second, Kristol was interested in philosophy. Of course, if it had been only the fashionable philogophy of French existentialism — Sartre, Camus — it would not have been at all surprising — that was what everyone was reading. But he got up early in the morning to study German and read Hegel. He discovered obscure existential philosophers who did not figure in the postwar existentialist craze, such as Shestov. What he found in them I do not know, but what was surprising was that no one else — in our world, at least — was reading them or knew of them.

Third, Kristol knew about and was interested in politics, and this also set him off from the rest of us. This may appear outlandish — what did all of us ex-, semi-, and slightly Marxists do but talk about politics? But we talked about a strange politics, one that existed on neither heaven nor earth — or more practically, neither in Russia Europe or America, and Kristol wonder of wonders, was interested ir real politics, the politics that took place in Washington, the politics of Democrats and Republicans. How ar editor of *Enquiry* (the journal of his groupuscule, now reprinted and available again) developed such an interest. I do not know, but he did. He even discovered articles by Samuel Lubell in the *Saturday Evening Post* (none of us ever would dream of looking at the *Saturday Evening Post,)* and got Lubell to write for *Commentary.* Quite coolly, he had turned his back on the sectarian politics of the left; There was something more interesting and more important going on in Washington. It is my impression that a good part of the New York intellectual establishment never got around to the stories in newspapers with Washington datelines until 1965 — and even then it was only the Vietnam stories.

The final oddity: Kristol was interested in business and businessmen, in gambling and speculation. Now, of course, everyone is interested in money. But whereas a good number of the rest of us were content, if we had any — and as time went on, we did — to leave our money in the bank



or buy a stock recommended by the non-intellectual brother-in-law, Kristol got interested in money on his own account, and knew things about the money market, business, speculation that was, if known in the rest of the intellectual world, strictly underground information.

Kristol, in short, was a surprise — certainly not part of Harold Rosenberg's "Herd of independent Minds," who couldn't care less in 1945 and 1946 and the next few years about religion, philosophy, politics and money. With all these oddities, it is no surprise he kept on thinking thoughts none of the rest of us had. And in the process, broke down a lot of panes in the hothouse in which we lived. □

Nathan Glazer is professor of education and social structure at Harvard. He is a regular contributor to Commentary *and* The New York Times Magazine. *His books include* Beyond the Melting Pot *(with Daniel P. Moynihan) and* Remembering the Answers: Essays on the American Student Revolt.

Kristol: Through the Jeweler's Eye

Re Irving Kristol

William F. Buckley, Jr.

MR. GLAZER PROVIDES us with fascinating biographical details about Irving Kristol, whose mind was tempered in that strange and productive foundry over which the formidable Elliot Cohen presided, and Robert Bartley situates him at the center not so much of a movement as of a consolidation of political and social attitudes, and Mr. Tyrrell is adroit in summoning their attention — our attention — to the phenomenon of Irving Kristol, who quite simply is writing more sense in the public interest these days than anybody I can think of. It is time he were more greatly celebrated, even if it seems impossible to make him more widely admired. The words I have to contribute to this mini-festschrifft are mostly personal, but not I hope uninstructive.

I met him first in 1960 during the brief period when he was editing *The Reporter* (now defunct). The gathering was a little nervous and self-conscious because *The Reporter* and *National Review* had been shooting a little at each other. During the 1950s *The Reporter* was preoccupied with certain themes one does not take to be particularly congruent, looking back. The publisher was an Italian anti-communist liberal who was fascinated by the China lobby and spent several hundred thousand dollars promoting the thesis that Alfred Kohlberg was a ganglion of reactionary activity which somehow stood in the way of a successful Far Eastern policy. This all got mixed up with Senator Joe McCarthy, who was himself through by the time *National Review* began publishing, but whose shadow stuck like a birthmark on anyone who had ever a kind word to say about him (calamitous) or his activities (fatal). Kristol spent those particular years in England, editing *Encounter,* an invaluable monthly which was given to acknowledging the existence of the Soviet Union and correctly identifying its policies and even, on occasion, its apologists, in between issues devoted to the question whether *Lady Chatterley's Lover* should be proscribed, a question that was finally dropped when the editors could not think where to take it after the Warden of All Souls was required to point out to Dame Rebecca West that the gamekeeper was a buggerer.

Anyway, Irving said something mildly pleasant about some of the writers for *National Review,* I returned the compliment for some of the writers for *The Reporter,* and we took to seeing each other, maybe once or twice a year. The visits were always pleasant, and often quite animated. Kristol's habit, I judge, is to work out his ideas orally, to exercise them if you will, perhaps to discover what kind of promise they have before taking them out to Hialeah, where he almost always comes up with a winner. He is very interesting for all the reasons Messrs. Glazer and Bartley have mentioned, and for many others besides. For one thing, he is unbelieveably opinionated in person. I doubt if he has ever ventured a tentative opinion in the presence of one other human being. But his writings, by contrast, are although firm, the absolute soul of reasonableness, totally devoid of any sign of arrogance or of cocksurenesss or of an indisposition to understand the other fellow's point of view. He is never rude in person, merely absolutely assured on all matters, except those that involve vulgar prediction: e.g., he would not tell you who the Democratic Party is going to nominate, though he will tell you that it doesn't really make very much difference how dilapidated our defenses become because after all there is no conceivable situation in which an American president would touch the nuclear button.

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The qualities of Kristol's mind are obvious, as also his erudition (who in the hell is Shestov?), but what makes him so phenomenally important it seems to me is a) his cogency; and b) his manner. As regards the latter, there is the sweet reasonableness I speak of. The careful (I think it is that, rather than instinctive) way in which he avoids unnecessarily provoking the other side, avoids raising his argument into a taxonomic level that earns automatic resentment from the reader. (Mr. Kristol goes out of his way to avoid being designated a liberal, or a conservative, or even — so far as I know — a neo-conservative.) Never mind that by the time you are through reading a half dozen of his essays you realize that he has touched on most points, and that there is a concatenation there of positions and attitudes and values that make for a very highly structured whole...it doesn't happen to the reader in such a way as to cause him to guard against cooption.

And then the dazzling sensibleness of what he says, so perfectly suited to how he says it. You read him on the educators, or on the press, or on pornography, or on social goals, and it is simply hard to disagree with him because his thrusts are never ideological: indeed as Mr. Bartley so shrewdly points out, he is there really to rescue empiricism, to bring it back as a dog might retrieve an abandoned ball, to Leo Strauss, gently reminding the master that there is no true disjunction between empiricism and the values of the great tradition, that it is the ideologizers of the data who are the enemy, not just every social scientist. It is a great performance, an invaluable performance, and I join zestfully the parade, as witness that I leave for another occasion the challenging remarks of Robert Bartley. □

William F. Buckley, Jr. is editor of National Review, a rising New York *based conservative magazine.*

Remembering the Questions

On the Democratic Idea in America

By Irving Kristol
Harper and Row, $5.00

DURING THIS PAST month there has appeared a torrent of amusingly serious monographs dealing with the trials and triumphs of the inhabitants of New York's literary jungle. The word is that these exemplars of reason and virtue are again at one another's throats. I should have thought that the vicious ways of Mr. Nixon and his cronies down on the Potomac would have inspirited the New York intellectuals to redouble their efforts at uplift and to throttle their violent passions. Rather it seems that they have reverted to hissing, spitting, and clawing at one another's purses. Serious disagreements have divided them over their old puzzle of how to transform America into a vast, free-admission Disneyland. Middle age leaves them unlovely and ornery. Many now have to take a back seat to Helen Gurley Brown or to Charles Manson. Their wives are becoming restless. All in all, life in the literary jungle is not so sweet as it was back in the glorious days of the 1960s.

And it is not much better for those of us for whom reading their drivel has become an occupational hazard. After suffering the recent spate of high-toned gossip on the lives and loves of Jason Epstein and the other precious darlings frolicking in the sand and bouncing beach balls over at *The New York Review of Books* one gets the notion that intellectuals cultivate "fine minds" not to enlighten social policy but to satirize enlightenment. That this is not so could never be inferred from reading their social or political writings. I can recall not one piece of legislation passed in the last five hundred years that was the least influenced by *The New York Review of Books*. Nor can I imagine one that could have or should have been so influenced. Essentially, *The New York Review of Books* plays with itself. It is a sacrament for fourth-rate nobodies pursuing second-rate indentities.

Yet there are some expatriates from the literary jungle whose writing does influence legislation and who are more serious. Their interest is in polity and their thinking is responsive to the conditions of government and society. While *The New York Review* maunders decorously of fantasy and moonshine for a bemused audience of frustrated academics on the cow campuses of America, Norman Podhoretz's *Commentary* has led a successful revolt against mindlessness and self-indulgence to reaffirm standards of intellectual achievement and to direct serious inquiry into the conditions of American society. The split has been developing for some time, and a milestone came in 1965 when Manhattan's own Irving Kristol and Daniel Bell began editing *The Public Interest* "to help all of us, when we discuss issues of public policy, to know a little better what we are talking about — and preferably in time to make such knowledge effective."

That Irving Kristol is a higher form of New York intellectual, that he is one of the most important social thinkers in America, and that his writing is required reading for both liberals and conservatives who ardently care about the direction and health of their country has been confirmed by the publication of *On the Democratic Idea in America*, a collection of coolheaded, percipient essays on America's political weaknesses and those social problems that have emphasized the reality of that weakness.

In assaying American democracy, Kristol is not tripped up by the conceptual deficiencies of either traditional conservatives or of liberals. He is neither shaken by the possibility of popular government nor entranced by its myths. His political commentary is reminiscent of America's grandest period of political discourse, the creation of the Republic. In the book's key essay, "American Historians and the Democratic Idea," Kristol acknowledges democracy's "problematics" (what Publius called its "mortal diseases") and adumbrates an eminently intelligent conception of popular or democratic government. In other essays dealing with specific social problems, he evinces his awareness that these conditions are but Publius' "mortal diseases" reworked for the peculiar tastes of an American liberal audience. Whether wrought by a mob of dyseptic middle-class students or a mob of colonial yeomen, the "problematics" or the "diseases" are inevitable and they often spring to life as overbearing majorities, inept majorities, foolish majorities, or vulgar majorities. These were Publius' apprehensions and they are Kristol's. They are serious and they are enduring. Most importantly, their consequences are distinctly undemocratic.

Kristol, like Publius in *Federalist* 49, desires a democratic or republican "remedy to (these) diseases most incident to republican government." While remaining sober in his defense and in his aspirations for democracy, Kristol believes that unrestrained majorities, if furious enough, can prevail over separation of powers, checks and balances, amending processes, or any other constiutional insulation of minority rights. Inflamed passions will eventually elicit wrong-

Great American Series

"What is the great thing in life, my countrymen? Happiness. And there is more happiness in the American village than in any other place on the face of the earth."

Warren Gamaliel Harding

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headed legislation. The challenge remains to forfend these mortal diseases without violating the spirit and the form of popular government."

His other essays, especially those on the city, censorship, the university, and political utopianism, are of proximate value not only for their intelligent treatment of various national disaster zones, but for the nexus Kristol draws between these vexing temporary dilemmas and the enduring diseases of democracy. In peering through the flatulent rhetoric of our contemporary mountebanks, Kristol grapples with the underlying principles controlling democratic government. His book is instructive, not only for what it says about, for instance, censorship, but for what it says about how men govern themselves in the democratic regime. Effortlessly soaring above the screeches, the squeaks, and the infantile prattle of the Pecksniffs who pant and perspire over *The New York Review of Books*, Kristol apprehends many of the same problems that impressed those who wrote the Constitution. Ultimately, Kristol's concerns are the same as Madison's.

As the book includes only eight of the many essays Kristol has written over the past five years, I take it that these essays traverse contemporary issues the author regards as most important. I have no doubt but that they are important issues, and for that reason alone they should appear on every college reading list concerned with modern American society. Admittedly the essays are often difficult, yet they unerringly spot, the vectors of our malaise. They are relevant without being pop. Often they are profound. Indeed the book offers fuel for every American who thinks seriously about the mess we are in.

Kristol is that unique kind of thinker around whom can rally liberals and conservatives who feel, as I personally feel, that ideological spitting matches should be cast overboard during times, such as our own, when the very existence of our democracy is in question. The hour has rushed upon us when liberals and conservatives must cooperate to heal the horrid wounds that have been slashed into our society. Perhaps it is not too late to revive that crucial, if unsung, element of democratic society that is commonality. During times of profound social division, I do not sense anything pedestrian or low about urging a deeply divided people to find something noble to melt into. Indeed such a suggestion strikes me as audacious and enlightened.

Again and again Kristol returns to the theme that denatured authority is the cause of alienation, anomie, and the dispirited withdrawal of the *desengages*: "what exists is vulnerable for no ther reason then that it exists — and because the citizenry no longer feels any particular responsibility for its existence, any instinctive obligation to sustain or even reform it." America's crisis is the fading of legitimacy in all those institutions that moderate human orneriness and conflict.

That America is more congenial toward dissent than any other society on the globe is manifest. So, too, is it obvious that poverty is more comfortable here than anywhere else. Finally in the American system freedom and equality are in unsurpassed equipoise. For reasons still enveloped in mystery, democratic America has actually managed rather well. Nevertheless life for a great many Americans is — if we hear them correctly — unbearable. It seems to me that the causes for such agony and abomination are a matter of their singular perceptions. According to Kristol, America's failure has been its inability to nourish the spirit. For the nation's alienated, and adrift, America has become morally unpersuasive, and in his most suggestive essay, "When Virtue Loses All Her Loveliness," Kristol traces the roots of this sour perception back to modern capitalism itself.

America has slipped its morrings. It drifts in search of authority, leadership, and a renewal of principle, both in the way men govern their society and in the way men govern themselves. It is a fine statement even if not all of its particulars can be agreed upon. I endorse this book more eagerly than any book that has been published since *The Alternative* came off the restroom walls. Irving Kristol is learned, wise, and absolutely his own man. His serene awareness deserves emulation. He is worth arguing with.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Letter from a Whig

George F. Will

HH + EMK = ?

BECAUSE WE may not be able to do so in the future, let us forget George McGovern for a moment. Let us assume, perhaps rashly, that the Democratic Party does not want to hitch its wagon to a Goldwater. Lets think about Hubert Humphrey.

If Hubert Humphrey could guarantee that Edward Kennedy would accept the Vice Presidental nomination, many Democratic professionals would follow their hearts and give Humphrey another shot at the White House.

The reasons why Humphrey's support is substantial but as yet insufficient are obvious. Humphrey is a very likeable gentleman. Muskie is not.

Humphrey has been doing political favors for twenty-five years. No one cared a fig about Muskie, nor Muskie about anyone, until Humphrey raised him to prominence at Chicago in 1968.

Besides, Humphrey almost won in 1968, in spite of the fact that his campaign was underfinanced and his badly divided party had just given the country the worst eight consecutive years of government since 1852-60.

But there comes a point when sentiment collides with historical facts. Serious Democrats know that only four men have been renominated after running unsuccessfully for president. Three (Bryan, Dewey and Stevenson) lost again. The fourth won, but only after an eight-year wait, and even in winning he received three and a half million fewer votes than he received in his first run. This fourth man is Richard Nixon.

The Democrats could nominate Humphrey if they knew where he could get the winning margin of votes. This year the obvious place to look for those votes is among "the kids."

There will be 25 million "new voters;" persons who were not eligible to vote in 1968, when Nixon won by half a million votes out of 73 million votes cast. In addition, this year there will be senate elections in 33 states. In 31 of these the number of new voters is larger than the margin by which the incumbent won in his last election.

Democrats think Humphrey would be an anti-Pied Piper, a Republican insurance policy against the youth vote. It is not certain that new voters will vote in large numbers and predomi-

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nantly Democratic. If Humphrey is nominated, they probably will not. But if Humphrey has Kennedy in tow, that is another matter.

Without Kennedy, Humphrey would remind people of the famous aging cow in Robert Louis Stevenson's poem: "blown by all the winds that pass, and wet with all the showers." Humphrey is an enduring, engaging, familiar, friendly figure. But he is not glamorous and it would take the close proximity of Kennedy to give him luster.

Make no mistake about it. A lot of Democrats are hooked on a narcotic of their own devising — Camelotitis. They are more interested in glamor than government and, anyway, they are convinced that you cannot capture the latter without the former. That is why Humphrey would offer the spot to Kennedy. There are four reasons why Kennedy might take it.

First, if the ticket won he would escape from the senate. He does not seem much interested in senate business and his own party colleagues deposed him from the Whip job in favor of Senator Robert Byrd, whose personal attractiveness can be gauged by the fact that he is known as the Uriah Heep of the senate.

Second, by accepting the nomination Kennedy could prove that he is a team player. He would be making what looks like a sacrifice: he would risk becoming Vice President, a job slightly less attractive than managing the Philadelphia Phillies.

Third, the Vice Presidency would not be onerous. It is all form and no substance. It involves fleecing the party faithful at fund raising events; it also involves chatting with potentates and cutting ribbons at new dams in new countries. Kennedy's personal charm would make this easy.

Fourth, Vice Presidents are protected by the Secret Service. Nothing could be more understandable than that Kennedy would want that.

Conventional wisdom says that Kennedy would not take the second spot if asked. But there are various ways of "asking" things, and some ways are quite coercive. Suppose Humphrey, without asking Kennedy in private, publicly invited Kennedy to join the ticket? Could Kennedy refuse? If he did refuse and the ticket lost, the Party would blame Kennedy for four extra years in the wilderness.

Clearly there is a kind of political blackmail available to a man rough enough to use it. Is Humphrey rough enough? He has coveted the White House for fifteen years. He was treated very roughly by several Kennedys in some 1960 primaries, and especially in West Virginia, where they accused him of a cowardly war record. All this has not left Humphrey a soft man. □

An Exclusive Interview

A Former Chief Justice Speaks out on Busing

George Carey

"A FORMER CHIEF JUSTICE Speaks Out On Busing: An Exclusive Interview. *From U.S. Views and World Sport* (January 31, 1972). Reprinted with permission.

(This interview was conducted by Professor Constable, a leading student of constitutional law. Professor Constable shortly will assume new duties as Dean of the Hayyard Law School. He received his undergraduate degree from Hayyard, as well as his legal training. Upon receiving his degree from Hayyard Law, he was appointed to the faculty where he has served with distinction for eighteen months. He was named the most popular instructor at Hayyard U. in a recent poll conducted by Elbridge Davis.)

Question: Justice Warrant, let me say, by way of introduction, that you have done so much for the country. At no time did you spare any efforts in using your powers as Chief Justice to drag the American people, however reluctant they may have been, to a confrontation of problems facing all of us in these troubled times. Of course, your decisions have created turmoil within our nation. Your decisions, however, have been accepted by all those who seek a new constitutional order in the United States, an order which will fulfill the loftiest vision of our forebears.

Now, Justice Warrant, don't you regret your retirement? After all, you were such an active force in rewriting the Constitution during your term on the high bench. Don't you want to get back into the swing of things?

Answer: Well, yes and no. My wife and I are leading a very active life. We just love our pier. Every morning we stroll down to the pier together — you see it's only 100 yards from our patio — and we dip our toes into the water. How refreshing! Occasionally a big wave will come along and we get wet, all wet. We used to laugh when this happened; it was so much fun. Since the oil dumping in the ocean and the underground nuclear tests, we have assiduously avoided complete immersion. This has spoiled some of our fun.

Then, there are always the grandchildren. We see them about once a month. They are very active. I guess that is a family trait. Little Susan who is only nine years old can now read the Declaration of Independence in its entirety. All of this convinces me that the youth today are more intelligent and sophisticated than at any other period in our history — or, indeed, in the history of the whole world! My hunch, for whatever it is worth, is that Sesame Street is in large part responsible for this. I really enjoy the program. I never miss it. It stimulates the intellect. Also the coloring books for children today are far more intricate and fascinating. There are so many different patterns and colors. I have to depend upon my little grandson Bobby who has just turned fourteen to help me.

In addition to all of this, as you probably know, I work on a part time basis for the *Funda Republica Americanus*, an organization not to be confused with the Republican Party. We are, of course, nonpartisan. We meet periodically to discuss various ways of improving America. At the present time we are writing a new and modern constitution that will best serve the national interests. The Russian scholars who are visitors at the institute have given us some keen insights into our domestic and international difficulties. Oh, if only we could have world peace! We are striving with some success to bridge the gap between nations. We were all planning to take a trip to Athens and ramble among the ruins of the Parthenon in order to gain some flavor of the spirit that animated those who can justly be called the real founders of democracy. What great men they must have been! But, unfortunately, since the fascist Greek colonels have taken control we have had to postpone our trip until there is a restoration of true democracy.

Question: I can see very well, Justice Warrant, that you are leading the life of the genuine intellectual — something you have always done. You, sir, stand as an example for so many. Lesser men might have retreated from the real world and closed themselves off from such invigorating experiences.

In what ways do you regret having retired from the Court? In what areas do you find yourself in disagreement with the recent Court decisions? What would you do if you were still Chief Justice?

Answer: The major issue where I have substantial doubts involves the whole issue of busing. Despite some very bold decisions on the part of the lower courts, the judiciary has not shown any imagination in handling this very profound issue of constitutional law.

Let me digress for a moment or two. We know, whether certain elements of the White, Black, Indian, Chinese-American or Japanese-American citizenry like it or not, that the Constitution simply demands integration of public schools. Too many of our so-called scholars get caught up in the business of *de facto* versus *de jure* segregation. All this talk does is boggle the mind and confuse us all. No — the

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Constitution speaks clearly to this point: There must be complete integration of the public schools. If we don't do this we will be violating our most sacred principle, "all men are created equal." How those noble words ring in my ears! Tears come to my eyes whenever I contemplate their meaning.

Well .... to return to the matter of busing. (I must add that I am beholden to the research staff of the *Funda Republica Americanus* for the research and calculations which they have performed.) We have concentrated too much on buses. If we want to consider the problem in the context of using buses for the achievement of the American dream, we are narrowing the horizons of our thinking. Why? Because of the traffic situation in urban areas it is, in most cases, only possible to send a child to a limited geographical area in the United States. Let us suppose that a child should be allowed eight hours of sleep a night. I have done considerable research on this problem and I can say that the Constitution and medical authorities agree that a child should have at least eight hours of sleep. This is a constitutional right we are speaking of — I shan't bother you with my exhaustive analysis of this highly complex issue. It is too intricate for the layman to comprehend.

Suppose, further, that the parents should be allowed two hours to bathe, clothe, and feed the child. Now eight plus two, according to the staff at *Funda* — I never paid much attention to figures — come to ten. For integration to really work, the children should rub elbows (I say that figuratively, of course) for at least eight hours. Now you can see how complicated things are getting... we have eight, two, and eight and that come to ... let's see... eighteen hours. There are only twenty-four hours hours in a day; so let's see... eighteen from twenty-four leaves us with six—that's right, I have it here in my pocket, the figures from the *Funda* staff. Six is right. We have only six hours in which to bus the children. Now, I have down here on my slip that the six should be divided by a two — yes, yes, I now remember. This means hat the children can only be bused for three hours one way because they must return to their homes. Now given the traffic in our urban areas, how far can a bus travel in just three hours? Well, not very far. Of course it depends upon the city and the urban area but given all the stops a bus must make as well as the traffic, we estimate that its average will be twenty miles an hour. Let's see now — three times twenty?

Question: Wouldn't that be sixty miles?

Answer: Quite right. Now I see why you are a Hayyard dean. Given the dispersion of racial groups in the United States within metropolitan areas, this is not much. The problem is not so much that the whites have migrated to the distant suburbs and the Blacks are concentrated in the core or central city. This is, of course, a problem. But think of this: San Francisco and New York have a considerable Chinese population. St. Louis, Minneapolis, and even Indianapolis have a very small Chinese population. The six-hour limitation under which we suffer in these busing schemes will not allow for full integration of the Chinese community in the mainstream of American life. Other examples could be offered: There is a heavy concentration of Japanese people on the West Coast, of the Jewish in New York City and certain other meropolitan areas. And we could go on and on. What of the German, Poles, Irish ...?

The point is that if we use buses we can never integrate in the fashion which the Constitution and our Founding Fathers called for. Never. The limitations are too severe.

Question: Justice Warrant, I have never heard such a brilliant analysis. Your command and manipulation of the facts is astounding. Surely you must have some recommendations for overcoming these difficulties so that the children of, say, Lincoln, Nebraska, can enjoy the American dream of full integration?

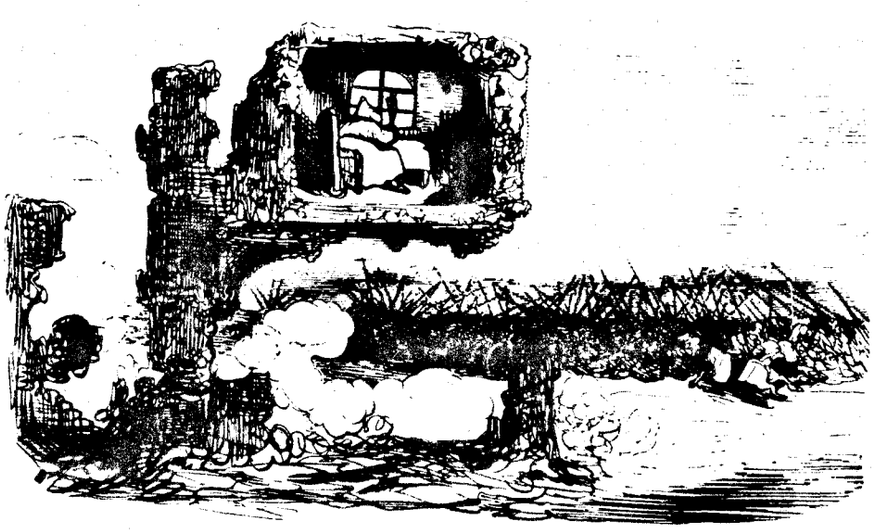
Answer: Oh, yes. By all means. *Funda* has helped me so much. As you know, it is a think tank wherein each of us has to stretch his mind to come up with solutions. The dialogues we have had are so far advanced that the best I can do is outline two proposed plans, the first of which is less complicated than the second. The first plan, called Operation I, calls for the establishment of boarding schools. The children would eat, sleep, and attend classes without the transportation problems. Our tentative plans call for all children of age four to be registered by federal authorities. At age five or six (we are debating this quite heatedly, the question that is, of at what age they should be sent to boarding school) the child would be assigned to a school somewhere in the United States. The Constitution is somewhat vague on this point and my researches have not provided me with a definitive answer, though I incline to age five. Anyway, schools would be set up in the United States to provide for the proper racial and ethnic balance.

This plan has real merits for it would also take the child away from the stifling influence of the family, particularly the parents. But it is not without certain technical complications. For one thing, let us imagine a very real possibility: To provide for complete integration in the schools of, say, Topeka, Kansas, we would have to assign a number of Jewish, Chinese and Japanese students to the Topeka center. It might well be that certain parents could not afford to see their children because of the expenses involved. This, I believe, can be overcome through a federally funded program whereby parents of such minorities whose children attend school in such distant places would be given free air transportation at least once a month. This I should say is up to HEW and Congress because I cannot find, no matter how hard I have tried, a constitutional provision to the effect that parents ought to see their child or children. And then, too, another drawback is this: The Japanese and Chinese are in rare supply because they are so highly concentrated geographically that, to repeat myself, they would have to bear the major burden of achieving integration under Operation I and those with a large family will also suffer. However, with respect to the basic concept of boarding schools here can be no constitutional question. Such schools have existed for years in the United States and Operation I calls for no drastic departure from our tgaditional way of doing things.

Question: You seem rather lukewarm toward Operation I. What is Operation II? Are you inclined to go along with Operation II?

Answer: You really put me on the spot. I now see even more clearly why they made you a dean at Hayyard Law!

Yes, I favor operation II. I can briefly outline the phases of this plan and indicate why I think it superior to Operation I. Rather than thinking in terms of busing, we should rather think in terms of "planing." We now have these big jumbo jets. The buses could drop the kids off at the airport and in no time they could embark for school in communities, hundreds, if not thousands, of miles distant. While aboard the plane, their teachers could instruct them and they could even have breakfast and lunch at their leisure. And by planing the



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students to provide for real integration, we would overcome all the regional differences which seem to plague the country. Imagine this: A child in New York City can be in Houston,Texas in a relatively short time and while being transported will participate in the process of integration. Upon arrival the child will really be confronted with integration at even a broader level — new surroundings, some understanding of the region, familiarity with Chicanos and so forth. And consider this, too: One week the kids from Houston go to New York City; the next week, Detroit, Michigan; the week after, Los Angeles or San Francisco. The child from New York can travel to Seattle, Washington; Peoria, Illinois — you name it — for instruction their school systems. We now have on the boards plans whereby jets will criscross the nation so that any given student will not attend the same school twice, save, of course, for the school aboard the jumbo jet.

Question: This is an earth-shaking endeavor — just brilliant. Years of thought must have gone into it. But, Justice Warrant, the jumbo jet is really not all that speedy — I believe it travels about six hundred miles an hour. This means it would take four hours or more to travel from Los Angeles to New York; and then there is congestion at the airports, problems with traffic controllers, scheduling, weather and so forth. Have you thought of these problems?

Answer: Yes, by all means. Let me say that when the Constitution mandates something it is incumbent upon us to fulfill that mandate. I have lived by this creed, and I shall die by it. It follows logically that the technical problems you pose be subordinated to the goal of the American dream and the Constitution.

Question: ... Yes, sir ...

Answer: We have thought about all these problems at *Funda*! I told you it was a think tank! Our future plans call for the following: First, we must eventually build new airports in every city of over 50,000; airports that will accommodate the jumbo jet. Second, we will need a huge fleet of jumbo helicopters with trained personnel to expedite the trip of the children to the airports. Third, we need to build supersonic jets — this is the best argument I have yet heard for the development of the SST — so that the children will arrive at their destination in the shortest possible time. Also, in the SSTs, the noise level will be minimized so that the children will be able to talk to one another and hear their teachers. And fourth, we simply must control the weather.

All of these and like facilities should be paid for by the national government so that big business cannot capitalize on our shortcomings in achieving our national dreams. This might even necessitate a new cabinet post at the national level. But think of this: Operation II, when finally implemented, goes a long way toward providing for more integrated time and at a higher level.

Question: I know that you are always thinking of ways to achieve the perfect society and I find it hard to believe, as complicated as it is, that you have spent all your time on Operation II. What are your thoughts and plans for the future with respect to the issue of education and integration.

Answer: An excellent question. I can see why your students think so highly of you. *Funda* has just been granted some fifty million dollars by the Fraud Foundation to explore the possibilities of integration at the international level. I am working hard on this project and soon we will come up with Operation III. I provide the *funda* staff with the broad and theoretically intricate goals, the *Funda* staff in turn supplies me with the technical information for the realization of my goals. You know, that three times twenty really baffled me. I only wish I had the education I am working to provide for the youth of America and the World.

Question: All Americans are eternally grateful to you. When you have finished solving our educational problems, both national and international, what will be your next area of concern?

Answer: Disarmament and all the questions surrounding our nuclear capabilities *vis-a-vis* those of our presumed enemies.

Thank you so much, Justice Warrant. □

George Carey earned his Ph.D. from Indiana University under Charles S. Hyneman. He is professor of government at Georgetown University and editor of The Political Science Reviewer.

Capital Punishment

The Uses of Nooses

George F. Will

THE SUPREME COURT as now constituted may exercise proper restraint and decide that capital punishment is constitutional. That will leave an important question to be answered by Americans speaking through their state governments: Is capital punishment justifiable?

The issue is complicated because punishment can have three aims — retribution for crime, rehabilitation of the criminal and deterrence of future crimes.

Opponents of capital punishment say it cannot be an effective deterrent because social conditions — slums, war, pollution and all that — drive men toward crime. That is a crashing *non sequitur*. Besides, "social conditions" too often are the "social alibi" which betoken a sentimental refusal to blame men for their sins. Social conditions could drive men toward crime; fear of capital punishment could stop them short.

Opponents say capital punishment does not deter murder, which is the crime which most often earns the death sentence. But the truth is that we do not know if it deters.

True, the murder rate does not soar when states abolish it. But the most that demonstrates is that the threat of capital punishment is not the only deterrent to murder. It does not prove that capital punishment is innocuous as a deterrent. Murder, like most social phenomenon, has complex roots, some of which attest the constitutional weakness of the human soul. It would be unreasonable to expect murder to be eliminated by a single device, like capital punishment.

Another argument is that capital punishment cannot deter most murders because most murders are unpremeditated crimes of passion. Passion precludes calculation, and only a calculation of risks can deter.

This does not prove that capital punishment is the wrong punishment for murder. The most it proves is that it is ineffective as a deterrent for most murders. But to repeat, there is more to punishment that deterrence. And there are crimes as heinous as murder.

Might it not make sense to make treason and the manufacture, sale or importation of heroin a capital offense?

Heroin is lethal. Addiction is death on the installment plan. Hooking a man is a slow, certain, vicious form of murder. People who traffic in heroin for profit are cold, calculating men. We should put capital punishment in their calculations.

Treason is a crime of calculation. Moreover traitors often expect the foreign government they are aiding to destroy the government they are betraying. Thus the threat of punishment has no sting. They expect to be released by the conqueror.

In addition, we would expect our government to take the lives of foreign soldiers who, although only obeying the orders of their government, invaded our country. Does it not make sense to impose the death penalty on those who, although owning allegiance to our government, give aid and comfort to those who aim to destroy it?

Opponents say capital punishment does not rehabilitate. This is obviously true, but not obviously important. Perhaps rehabilitation should be an intended effect of punishment for some crimes. But why should it be the overriding aim of all punishment for all crimes? The idea of retribution is the core of the concept of punishment. Indeed, it helps distinguish punishment from (say) therapy.

Opponents assert that if capital punishment neither deters nor re-

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habilitates, then its only possible rationale is retribution, and retribution is uncivilized. This assertion is not an argument; nor is it persuasive.

It is by no means self-evident that retribution is uncivilized. Retribution is applied indignation. Retribution need not be blind irrational vengeance. It can be a studied, rational response to injury. Indignation can be noble when it is in response to the violation of precious decencies. Indeed, a society incapable of indignation is itself uncivilized. Rightful retribution is the application of civilized indignation. There is no *a priori* reason why capital punishment cannot be such an application. Indeed, it recently was in the case of Adolph Eichmann.

Another argument for abolishing capital punishment is that we should eliminate any practice that does not express reverence for life. Certainly our sensitivity has been blunted by the mass slaughter in this century. But there is a problem with this.

Are we sensibly reverent when we spare the life of (say) a heroin pusher? Might we be more truly reverent if we stigmatized his cruel destruction of life by taking his life? The retributive function of punishment expresses the conscience of society. In taking the pusher's life we can express the seriousness with which we view his assault on human life and dignity.

Common sense suggests that a punishment may be "cruel" if there is not a rough moral symmetry with the crime to which it attaches. A five-year prison term would be a "cruel" sentence for jaywalking. Perhaps there is not an appropriate symmetry between most murder and capital punishment. But murder by heroin is another matter.

And there is a final consideration. Throughout recorded history people have perceived a moral symmetry between the crime of killing and the imposition of capital punishment. What stroke of sociological revelation should convince us that this enduring perception has been uncivilized? □

Business' Recipe for Cooked Goose

To Nationalize Rails or not to Nationalize Rails That is the Question

Thomas G. Moore

A FUNNY THING happened to the railroads on the way to the gravy train: they went bankrupt. Since the dead hand of government regulation is chiefly responsible for their financial mess, it is natural that clear-sighted idealists, such as United Transportation Union officials, should advocate a governmental takeover of the roads in order to provide sufficient subsidies to satisfy the needs of the downtrodden and poverty-stricken railroad enginneers and helpers (firemen). A recent *Wall Street Journal* article has claimed considerable support among labor, Congress and the Department of Transportation for establishing a new government corporation — to be modeled after the United States Postal Corporation, no doubt, and probably to be called the Bureau of Transportation, Conveyance, and Haul (BOTCH).

To discover the origins of the pending debacle, this author launched an exhaustive study with a grant of fifteen cents from his son's piggy bank. The following incredible tale was unearthed:

Once upon a time there were many railroads each doing its own thing — that is, attempting to secure traffic in whatever way each found profitable. Sometimes this meant that rates were cut very low; sometimes it meant that fast efficient service was offered; often it meant that the railroads had to compete vigorously for business. But such independence reduced profits, with the result that the masters of the railroads looked and found competition wanting. "Such behavior can only benefit the shipper and the public," they deduced. So they reasoned together on the appropriate rates. But each time, lo and behold, even though all were honorable men, some railroad would offer concessions and the rates agreed upon would not last.

So at last, having failed to rationalize price and bring stability to their industry, they turned to Congress. Give us this day a commission, they asked. A commission that can make us abide by our published rates, a commission that can force us to raise the competitive long haul rates to the level of our short haul ones.

So the Congress, in the ninth decade of the 19th century after Christ, gave them a commission and called it the Interstate Commerce Commission. And the ICC, as it became affectionately known to its many friends in the railroad industry, ordered the railroads to abide by their published rates, required the roads to charge as much for a long haul as a short (except when it was in the interest of all railroads to charge less), and forced any railroad that lowered its rates to secure additional traffic to maintain the lower rates in the future. Thus the leaders of the industry found that as honorable men they could now trust one another: no railroad would be so foolish as to publish lower rates which could easily be matched and which would have to be maintained. Therefore the railroads looked at the Commission and found it good; and so the railroads rested. Competition was eliminated.

But there were evil men lurking in the competitive jungle outside the protected womb of the ICC. These men invented the automobile and the autotruck, and some of these men found it worthwhile to sell the automobile and the autotruck at low prices. And while the railroads slept, cities and states built roads and highways.

In due course the railroads perceived a fall in traffic, especially in their most profitable cargo. Verily along with the fall in freight occurred a reduction in profits and to many railroads even losses. And so the railroads looked to the ICC but found no help there. Reasoning together, they agreed to higher rates, but lo and behold, Congress had failed to repeal the laws of demand and supply and they carried less business.

And so in the third decade of this century railroads found themselves with shrinking traffic and disappearing profits. Meanwhile, a great depression had set in throughout the land, and times were hard all over. The new and growing motor carrier business found times hard also. Now the Commission looked at railroads and found the situation bad; it looked at trucking and found the situation there also bad. It reasoned that what had been good for the railroads half a century earlier would be good for railroads and trucking today.

Therefore, in the middle of the third decade of this century, the railroads asked Congress to extend the same benefits of high prices and lessened competition to the new industry. And the new industry welcomed such help, while the ICC assured all that it would be friendly to its new charges and would help them as well as the railroads. Congress, therefore, ever mindful of its charge to aid the poor and protect the weak, extended the blessings of regulation first to motor carriers and then, in order not to be discriminatory, to water carriers.

But a time of troubles was on the Commission. Each of the 89,371 motor carriers had to be given a certificate telling the company what it might carry, where it could carry it from and to and how it must travel. Unfortunately, not all the carriers were honorable men: some were old-fashioned and believed they had a right to carry any cargo at any price; some believed that the prices agreed to by the big firms were too high and so offered lower rates; others, who did not have a certificate, petitioned that friend of the poor and humble — the ICC — to be allowed to participate in the game. And

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so the Commission was kept busy.

The railroads also found that all was still not profitable. The private automobile and the public airplane were taking their passengers, and the private truck, as well as the public regulated truck, were taking much of their freight. Having experimented with higher rates and found that the laws of demand were still valid, the railroads had an original idea. Who first proposed it is unknown to history and even today it is not accepted by much of the industry, yet those that have managed to experiment with it have found it added to profits. The idea was "lower prices." But such lower rates brought on the wrath of their erst-while friends at the Commission who were now concerned about their new friends, the owners of trucks and barges. Moreover, such views were heresy, for the dogma according to the ICC denied the validity of the laws of supply and demand; thus the Commission wrote in the third chapter, fourth verse, that higher rates for all would bring succor to the poor.

For the railroads, though, the ICC recommended stiff medicine: let the weak railroads merge with the strong; combine the roads into larger firms. Notwithstanding the evidence that larger railroads are not more profitable than smaller, the Commission encouraged the formation of mighty railroads companies. It reasoned that if two big railroads with duplicate trackage, such as the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, were combined, it should be obvious that the resulting firm would be more profitable, more innovative and more viable than its constituent parts.

Thus in recent years the gospel according to the ICC has promoted mergers of large railroads, prevented or delayed innovative price reductions by railroads, encouraged the Congress to nationalize railroad passenger transportation, and put the northeast part of the United States in danger of losing all rail transportation unless the taxpayers aid the system.

In the course of the research for this scholarly article, the author discovered there are two alternative solutions to the problem created by the government. Put the government farther into transporation or put the government out of transportation.

Removing the government from regulating transportation would obviously lead to many problems. While rates would fall considerably — some studies indicate as much as twenty per cent — much of the staff of the Interstate Commerce Commission would have to find new employment, which would not be easy since many have never done useful work in their lives. Freed from regulation, trucking firms would be able to fill many now empty backhauls while driving fewer miles by going the most direct route; thus some truck drivers would be displaced and would consequently be forced to give up the maternal protection of the teamsters.

Eliminating regulation would also cause problems for railroads: they would have to start actively competing for business, they might find that lower rates for some commodities would require innovative investments. While service would improve rates would decline, shippers would suffer from having to deal with a fluid competitive situation for transportation as well as for raw materials.

The other alternative, nationalizing the railroads, is of course very attractive. For labor it would mean at last demanding and receiving almost adequate wages — probably Congress would set a limit at no more than a congressman makes. For the Department of Transportation it would mean conversion into the largest corporation in the world, unconstrained by the need to cover costs. For Congress it would mean a new agency to staff with friends and relations and new congressional committees which could hold hearings on the inevitable deterioration in service and the inevitable inflation in rates.

On balance, therefore, nationalization seems the wave of the future. Labor, DOT and Congress would all gain, while the only people hurt by such a step would be shippers, taxpayers and consumers. □

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Frank Meyer, RIP

IT WAS THE saddist funeral I have ever attended, and I didn't know why. When a man of 62 dies and his friends gather to mark his passing, there is always a sense of loss to be sure. But the knowledge of a life lived with purpose for six decades, with wonderful moments and friends packed into those many days, usually mitigates that sense of loss. Why was it not possible to lift a smile from the heart and dwell upon a very good life lived to the fullest?

Surely it was not the cold, the sombre steel-grey sky. No, the sky was frequently pierced by bright shafts of golden sunlight. How like the day the man we mourned was: sombre as he told of the barbarian and its advance against the weak defenses of the West — yet always radiant with hope that the men of the West would raise themselves, victorious when called for the Last Battle.

The Last Battle. Frank Meyer, friend, teacher, comrade in arms, died April 1, 1972 not knowing the outcome of the earthly struggle between Evil and those whose heritage has conscripted them to the standard of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. "The old warrior is gone," someone said at the gravesite, gone before the earthly struggle between Communism and the West was resolved. The uncertain outcome of that struggle and the knowledge that Frank was no longer himself a part of it — teaching, hectoring, directing — was surely why sadness bore down on those who were there to say farewell.

Reflecting several weeks later upon that strange sadness, it seems a special, quiet tribute to a great man. For more than twenty years he had been preparing us — who now carry on as "conservatives" — exhorting us for that Last Battle in our time. "No matter how black the progress of events may seem, as the barbarian hammers on the gate from Laos to Cuba, from Berlin to the tower of infamy on the East River; as within our walls principle seems lost in our political life; as we slip bemusedly into acquiescence in collectivism and the tyranny of bureaucracy at home and into acquiescence in appeasement and dishonor in the face of our implacable enemy abroad — the hope of the future is being born before our eyes.

"It is ideas and beliefs that decide how men will act. I do not underestimate the hard, steel strength of power. Whether for good or evil, it is power which has the next to the last word in the affairs of men — but not the last word. Power is wielded by men, controlled by men, limited by men, as they are guided and inspired by the ideas and beliefs they hold. And this I submit as the truth of the human condition — in the teeth of the prevailing mythology of our century, in the teeth of the behavioral scientists, the psychoanalytic delvers, the Machiavellian calculators of pure power, who stifle the thought of an era with their epicene research and masochistic obeisance to whatever ideas or whatever men possess for the moment transitory influence and authority. It is ideas and beliefs that truly reflect the nature of man and his destiny that will in the end decide our future.

"Such ideas, such beliefs are on the ascendant. The turn has come. This is no guarantee of victory. It is not for temporal success that we are promised that the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against us. For final certainty we can only know that we fight for the right. But the possibility of temporal victory is taking shape; the weapons are being forged; the issue rests in our stamina and courage.

"The West and freedom have been at bay before. Persian and Carthaginian, Arab and Turk, as they have felt final victory in their grasp, have been flung back and destroyed, when the West, reinvigorated in its inborn love of freedom, has struck out and conquered. Thermopylae and Salamis, Poitiers and Lepanto, tell the tale.

"For men of courage it is never totally black. We can take example from many a battle against high odds in our long heritage. The Spartans who defended the pass at Thermopylae against the countless myraids of Xerxes died at their post — and saved the

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West. Calm, firm, with ultimate courage, they stood against the Persian host — and won though they lost.

"Our situation is no more desperate, our enemies no more powerful, than the situations our spiritual ancestors faced, than the enemies they conquered. The great tradition of the West is rising again in idea and belief and image. The weapons with which to fight are in our hands. The future lies in our determination, in our firmness of principle, in the courage with which we gird our will to rise to our destiny.

"And, God willing, we will have the victory."

If there is to be that clear-cut victory about which Frank Meyer spoke with such passion at *National Review's* fifth anniversary, it will be said of him — and those other men of the West who passed the torch to a younger generation in the last third of the twentieth century — that he "won though he lost." The hundreds of thousands who served in Young Americans for Freedom, the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, the Conservative Party of New York, the American Conservative Union, the Philadelphia Society and those readers of *National Review*, *Modern Age* and *The Exchange* who also felt his direct influence, will eventually have to be the makers of that victory. The responsibility for this victory is an acutely felt obligation for many of them, what "the conservative movement" is all about. Eliseo Vivas remarked several weeks after Frank's death, "You young fellows won't have Frank around to give you orders any more. You are going to have to start giving them yourselves." Time passes, young men must grow up. The legacy of Frank Meyer, "God willing, will have the victory."

He was a leading American Communist until his mid-thirties, a cadre Communist responsible for shaping and forever testing Communist elite. His *The Moulding of Communists* shows how the Communist everywhere is made and in so doing illuminates "his essence from within, so that he may be conceived in his true being, with an understanding that neither underestimates his strength nor ignores his total enmity, his challenge *a outrance* to our civilization." Further, he demonstrates with a relentless logic, that against the Communist enterprise "there is no recourse in compromise, reasonableness, peaceful coexistence. Only a greater determination can avail, for Communist man poses two stark alternatives for us: victory or defeat." The day this book or its equivalent is programmed into the CIA Cold War Computer will mark the day, however desperate the objective situation, when the tide turns against the Communist attack on our civilization. It is that important.

The Moulding of Communists was followed a year later, in 1962, by *In Defense of Freedom*, written to foster our understanding of the tradition of Western civilization and the American Republic, our devotion to freedom and to truth, the strength of our will and of our determination to live as free and virtuous men." If ever there was a book that deserved a rebirth, it is this one: in a mere 172 pages, he winnows the essence of the conservative position from the minutiae of our long history, of the West and of America, stating it with a precision and power of dramatic effect. The book, and the subsequent debate it provoked, had the effect of fusing the disparate, warring strands of conservatism at a critical time in the conservative revival. (Today, it could serve as a centripetal agent in a conservative movement grown large and often lacking a center.)

Frank Meyer was no ideologue. He was indeed sensitive to the infinite nuances of Being. Because, however, he was self-consciously a battlefield commander in a war of ideas, he simplified, clarified, reduced, often with a stark result— if also the desired pragmatic effect.

Nor was he a deadly serious scold, a Cato or Cassandra. His raucous good humor and occasional tippling made him a member in highest standing of the Moon Mullins Study Group and the Indiana Iron Guard (he pestered the keepers of that un-organization for years for initiation, even though he had never resided in Indiana as a conservative — only as a Communist!) He demanded much of his charges, America's next generation of conservative leadership, but did so with the kindness and subtlety of a Socrates.

"He was not a respectable man," Eliseo Vivas writes in a forthcoming obituary in *Modern Age* — a poignant, brilliant picture of Frank Meyer. No. He was too dedicated to God and country for that. The gnawing question keeps intruding: what of the rest of us? Has Frank Meyer transmitted his toughness of character along with his wisdom to the many who travelled to sit in front of the fireplace at Woodstock?

There will be a hiatus, while we adjust to his loss. For the sake of everything he stood for, let us pray that it will be brief.

Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr.

Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr., a journalist and businessman residing in Chicago, is an associate of The Alternative.

The Voice We'll Always Hear In in Our Minds

John R. Coyne, Jr.

Many conservative writers have experienced that awful moment of truth.

It's around 9 p.m., EST. You're working on your fourth or fifth drink.

You're feeling comfortably fuzzy, and you're finally able to rationalize away your failure to produce a decent piece of writing for the past several weeks.

Then it happens. The phone rings, cutting sharply through that fuzzy, complacent cocoon.

You know who it is, and your mind races wildly through a catalogue of respectable excuses.

Flu? Sick children? A nervous breakdown? A broken collar bone?

Finally, you pick up the phone, and as expected it's that voice, slightly hoarse, the phrases clipped and quick.

"Frank Meyer here. You owe me a review."

And the next morning, full of remorse, you'd write in one hour a good review of that book you hadn't been able to make sense of for a month.

No matter to which obscure corner of the continent you fled, Frank's phone calls sought you out relentlessly. His phone bill was rumored to be just a bit smaller than the national debt.

But it was worth it. The book section of *National Review*, which Frank edited, is considered in the literary world to be consistently one of the nation's finest.

One of the few remaining bookmen who understood the very real relationship between literature and life, Frank Meyer was a great editor. But he was also much more than that. The books he wrote stand as giants of contemporary conservative thought.

My own favorite, *In Defense of Freedom*, probably had more to do with converting members of my generation to conservatism than any other single work.

Were not the intellectual establishment in our country monolithically liberal, Frank would have been recognized as one of the foremost men of American letters and would long ago have been rewarded with a chair at an important university.

Frank was a teacher, especially effective at calming and guiding the younger, often hot-headed members of the American right.

And whenever one of his colleagues showed signs of straying from the path of individualistic, humane conservatism that Frank followed, down from Woodstock, New York, where he made his home, would speed like an ideological arrow one of those short, barbed columns that regularly appeared in *National Review* under the heading Principles and Heresies."

Guy Davenport, reviewing for the *New York Times* a collection of Frank's columns published in 1969 under the

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title, *The Conservative Mainstream*, describes Frank at work on a column.

"Once a fortnight promptly after sunset, Frank Meyer rises from his breakfast and prepares to defend the West."

Frank slept by day and worked by night, a habit acquired during the years after his break with the Communist Party when he sat up all night with a gun. The American Communist Party in the '40s was not the joke it is today, and defectors routinely met with fatal accidents.

He didn't always work, however, and conservatives, especially younger conservatives, looked forward to invitations to one of Frank's "evenings."

You arrived around 8 p.m., had drinks, ate a magnificent dinner, much of which was produced in Elsie Meyer's vegetable garden, and then drank and talked until the sun came up. The drinks were good, the talk better.

Frank could talk about anything — war, peace, politics, Jane Austen, Dorothy Sayers (Frank was especially fond of Lord Peter Wimsey, Miss Sayers' detective, because Wimsey, like Frank, took his degree at Balliol College, Oxford), Plato, Gibbon, pro football, baseball.

Frank had a way of coaxing the best out of you, so that at the end of the "evening," when the sun came up, you felt you never before had been quite so brilliant.

The atmosphere was exhilarating, intellectual. But it was a joyous intellectuality that springs from pure love of ideas, the sort of intellectuality that probably once characterized our best universities, before they became factories.

The Meyers were an unusually close and happy family. Elsie, one of the world's most gracious ladies, doubled as Frank's business manager and the teacher of their two sons, Gene and John, both of whom received their grammar school and high school educations at home.

And when it came time to go off to college — one to Columbia, the other to Princeton — both boys, neither of whom had ever sat in a classroom, scored brilliantly on their entrance examinations.

Last week Frank Meyer died of lung cancer in his own bedroom at Woodstock, where he insisted on meeting death.

His family has suffered an immeasurable loss, as have his friends, his colleagues and the whole conservative movement.

And those of us who are procrastinators, as most writers tend to be, will continue to procrastinate. But whenever the phone rings around 9 p.m. EST, we'll still experience that quick pang of guilt, and the next morning we'll be back at our typewriters, the voice we'll always be able to hear in our minds encouraging us to give our very best. □

John R. Coyne, Jr. is an associate of The Alternative *and is presently teaching mass communications at Arizona State University. His most recent book is* The Impudent Snobs: Agnew vs. The Intellectual Establishment *(Arlington House, 1972).*

The Greatest Show on Paper

Grooving the Symbol

Edited by Richard W. Lid.
The Free Press. 604 pp.

The Uses of the Present. **Edited by Leonard Wolf. McGraw-Hill. 397 pp.**

Munching on Existence: **Contemporary American Society Through Literature. Edited by Robert Gliner and R.A. Raines. The Free Press. 465 pp.**

The American Experience: **A Radical Reader. Edited by Harold Jaffe and John Tytell. Harper and Row. 460 pp.**

The Radical Vision: **Essays for the Seventies. Edited by Leo Hamalian and Frederick R. Karl. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 625 pp.**

IN *A COUNTRY* where every action is labeled a national tendency, every product is bound to be conceived of as an answer to national desires. For the moment I am thinking of last year's Superbowl — the show more than the game — and a national product of enormous proportions. The program began with a military Honor Guard carrying a colossal American flag, flanked by little American flags, on to the field. Simultaneously a group of Phantom Jets boomed in formation over Tulane Stadium and viewers were asked to say a silent prayer for our P.O.W.s in Southeast Asia. At half time there was a "tribute" to Louis Armstrong, with Carol Channing, bright as alabastor, riding a float which circled the playing area to the tune of "Hello Dolly," or as it was, "Hello Louis." In another ceremony, boys age 7-11 engaged in the finals of a national punt and pass competition, indicating by their presence that the show would always go on. There were girls galore. There were brass bands, and commercials for ecology and Fords. The President phoned, offering congratulations, condolences and strategy for the future. The Cowboys won.

It was, of course, insanity of the most dazzling order and were it not for the diversion of the game, would have been recognized as one of the extravaganzas of the decade. But what exactly was crazy about it? Not football; only one team was playing. Not patriotism, although the particular show of patriotism was garish and ridiculous. The allusion to Vietnam was certainly grotesque enough: an idiotic demonstration of fire power, the underlying assumption of which being that people who like contact sports like war. But that wasn't it either. Nor was it the cheer leaders and children, who were harmless, nor even Carol Channing's tasteless ride in the name of Broadway, jazz and race relations. The madness of the event rested in the indiscriminate and superficial lumping together of disparate items in an effort to stuff America into two hours of commercial television. The method behind this effort rested in the principle that if you assault the public taste with enough pizzazz enough of the time, you will eventually destroy it, after which people will buy what you tell them to buy.

I come to the matter at hand: five freshman readers, made up primarily of expository prose, largely indistinguishable from each other and from dozens of such anthologies published every year. If you teach freshman English or any college writing course, these books hit your desk on the average of two times a week. Their ways are prepared by trade book representatives who always seem to start out asking if you would like a free copy of their new text on how to write English with pinking shears and conclude by inviting you to become president of their company. I open all the packages, usually from the wrong end, because I cannot resist a gift. When the grey puffs of packing material clear, I hold in my hands the brightest colors and the catchiest titles in the western world, and a genuine United States phenomenon.

What the publishers have in mind for these books is that they must vie with each other like fictional chorus girls for the one big break, which is adoption by a large, and preferably state university. Evidently the rewards in this system are so huge that it is worth the publishers' while to turn out fifty misses for a single hit. Certainly little energy is required. If one has a thematic brainstorm, as is the case with our five books here, all one needs is an editor with a couple of months free time. The material is ready made, and so is the market. The trick is simply to remember to be new and first, as these books have, to claim relevance and urgency, as these books do, and to imply to the college freshman that without the following collection of essays and interviews, he will not only forfeit instruction in the written word, but that he will be out of things generally, a would-be suicide.

These are the seventies, so the subject of the readers is radicalism, contemporary America, contemporary living or any combination. *Munching on Existence*, which announces that its pur-

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pose is "to develop a sense of the quality of American life today," includes in its selections a play by Harold Pinter and an essay by Lionel Trilling written in 1943; but most of the writers chosen both for this book and the others are ones you would expect. Cleaver and Mailer appear in four of the five. Leroi Jones and Malcolm X appear in three. Only one of the readers makes a bow to the past. In *Grooving The Symbol* there is a section covering "Some Ancestors: "Old and New" so called because "to speak of ancestors as both 'old' and 'new' correctly suggests that the names have been chosen in terms of present relevance." This section goes back to Charles Chesnutt (1858-1932).

Despite their modernity, however, the books display a great variety of authors. *The Radical Vision* presents Sartre and Leslie Fiedler. *Grooving the Symbol* offers Hemingway, Erskine Caldwell and Raymond Chandler. In *The Uses of the Present* we have Lewis Mumford and Mario Savio. In *The American Experience*, Marshall McLuhan and Timothy Leary. Every reader has its own section on the arts, on education (in *Munching on Existence* this is called "The Zoo"), on minorities or specifically on blacks, on the environment, on the young, on identity (in *Grooving the Symbol*, called "The Gap") and on the population explosion. *Grooving the Symbol* adds an item on "Symbol and Myth," and *Munching on Existence* throws in "Five Poems," but otherwise they all follow a practically identical organizational pattern. (Imagine my surprise when I read in the preface to *The American Experience*, "Why has such a method of compilation not been used before?")

For sheer appearances, these anthologies can only fairly compete with each other. On the cover of *The American Experience* there is a multicolored clenched fist with shocking pink knuckles and pictures of famous revolutionaries and American flags inside of it. *The Uses of the Present* shows a red, white and blue montage of anti-war demonstrations, done in stripes, and *Munching on Existence* presents a psychedelic nightmare consisting of sphinxes, clocks, tops and naked people. *The Radical Vision* has red and black cubes on a white background and *Grooving the Symbol*, a whirlpool of yellow, white, pink, blue and green. As a bonus, on its back cover *The American Experience* has printed photographs of its two editors, both of whom are heavily bearded to verify their contemporaneousness and one of whom is bare chested under the straps of what appears to be a weight lifter's jersey.

The covers are for pleasure, but the prefaces and introductions are meant to whip up our excitement. "Every age has its radicalism," say the editors of *The Radical Vision*, "yet, surely, ours is the most radical in recent times, and America is the most radical of all nations." The preface to *The American Experience* reports that some of its contents include "material previously deemed unsitable —or at least unsuitable for college students," and reveals that a portion of the book has been "culled from 'underground' publications." It also devotes an entire paragraph to a defense of its selecting "The Dirty-Word Concept" by Lenny Bruce, a necessary defense, it suggests, because others may think the piece "obscene." *The American Experience* makes a special appeal to the young on the grounds that "young people perceive differently because they have been nurtured by singular — though sinister — foster parents: nuclear energy, computerized technology and mass media." *The Radical Vision* is specifically intended "for students willing to align their lives with fresh ideas rather than with received tradition."

If you hear a barker in all of this, so do I. There is bread in circuses, and the aim of these books, like the aim of the Superbowl, is simply to create as much razzle dazzle as possible, and fleece the customers. I imagine that the anthologies would wish to be considered more dignified than the Superbowl because they are books, and have jackets and paper to prove it; but inside, where it counts, there is much the same variety of acts, the same hodgepodge of material, even if some of it is good, the same hoopla and profit motive. There is also the same intellectual fakery in the enterprise, the intimation that these anthologies represent what America means at the moment, and the same moral fakery, that they offer what the nation craves. Most of all, there is the same end in view: the obliteration of our taste so that we will buy what we are told to by, namely the next anthology.

But there is another element here which distinguishes these particular circuses from the run of the mill, and gives them a unique character. For all my personal antipathy to some of the notions presented in these books, both in terms of their interior worthlessness and as models of good writing, there is a great deal of value to many of them, value which is undermined by the style of these collections. "Every age has its radicalism," as the man says, but not every age anthologizes it. And there is something depressing and ominous in the practice of taking whatever is currently written or spoken, and turning it into an ad for itself. For every person who does something, anything, nowadays, there always seems to be another person (or the same one gone haywire) ready to package it. To package the product does not merely mean to prepare it for sale, but to get rid of it as well, which is what these readers do, whether they know it or not, and one suspects that they know it.

There's no radicalism like show radicalism. One book tells us that America is the most radical of all nations, and another *(The Uses of the Present)* that "America has been chosen as the place where the allegory of the present has been pushed to its defining crisis by way of instruction to the world." To boast of such things is less absurd than it is cynical. It says, in effect, that there is nothing, including despair, which is not marketable, and nothing unavailable to jingoism, which is eminently marketable. The editor of *The Uses of the Present* suggests that since we have plumbed the depths of human degradation in the twentieth century, then it must be our, what, manifest destiny to lead the rest of the world out by exhibiting our wounds. Three cheers for radicalism in America (won't you buy some?). We may be having a hell of a time, mister, but by gum, we're having it in the good old U.S.A.

In a sense, this is what the Superbowl was saying with its Phamtom Jets and prayer for the P.O.W.s — that we may not be having such a good war after all, but by gum, by jingo, it's all ours. So, these anthologies pack up our troubles in their peculiar kit bags, and their editors tell us that it is unpatriotic not to be revolutionary. It could only happen in America. These books do not merely simplify "the radical vision;" they reduce it, just as Louis Armstrong's stature was reduced, by phony exaltation. Even when it is not cheap, their trumpeting makes it so.

As for the appeal to youth, it is just as insincere. The decision to use these books is not entrusted to "youth," but to the instructors. I suppose the editors suppose that if an instructor is old and foolish enough, he will naturally wish to appear young, because "young people perceive differently," and therefore regard these readers as a pair of bell bottoms. Here again, alleged wish fulfillment for the nation. If all goes as it should, the instructor will assign one of these readers, surrender his title, tear off his "strait jacket of Establishment *status quo" (The Radical Vision)*, and groove on the symbol ad medicare.

Yet you look at something called *Grooving the Symbol* or *Munching on Existence*, and you wonder if it isn't all a hoax. Anyone who seriously believes that he should align his life with fresh ideas rather than with received tradition, or who thinks that he is going to learn to write by staring at Kenneth Patchen's picture-poem *(Munching on Existence)*, deserves to be shilled. Still, it is difficult to believe that anybody really uses or even reads these books. I sometimes think that the publishers are playing a practical joke on

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me alone — Delmore Schwartz said even paranoids have enemies — that only one of these things is ever printed. Even if a teacher tries one of them once, the odds are that he will not do it again. These readers are the Superbowls of the industry. They have as much to do with the teaching of writing as Fords have to do with national pride. Why, then, do the books keep coming?

The books keep coming because nobody tells them to stop. The permanent condition of American freshman English programs is chaos, and always has been, not because the subject cannot be taught, or because there are no people who are able to help someone learn to write effectively and with style, but because the frameworks of such instruction are continually shifting. When a composition program tires of using a text book on rhetoric, it abandons it, at least until things get out of hand. When it tires of using a massive anthology covering every theme and form in literature, it tries anthologies on special topics, or none at all. These choices run in cycles. Ten years ago the criterion was practical usefulness. Today the idea is write what you care about. The publishers hear "relevance," and out comes Jerry Rubin.

What ought to be made clear is that Jerry Rubin is not going to teach anybody how to write well, that indeed, unless verve is your only standard, Jerry Rubin does not know how to write well himself. There was a time not long ago when anthologies were reserved for second rate poets. Now it may be that their places have been taken by second rate essayists, which would only be fair, but the difference is that the second rate poets were not deliberately held up by their editors (who were often the second rate poets themselves) as models of how to write poetry. It seems silly to have to say that the fact that a man may be brimming with indignation does not mean that he knows how to write, or to think, for that matter. It seems silly, too, to have to tell someone that relevance does not mean topicality. It is silly. Either the publishers know these things already, in which case their violation of them is callous, or they do not know them, in which case, like other peddlars, they ought to be kept away from the school grounds.

Rubin notwithstanding, the trouble with these books, it bears repeating, lies squarely with the publishers and editors, and not with the authors inside. Each of the anthologies contains at least some first rate pieces by first rate writers: Irving Howe, Baldwin, Pauline Kael and Tom Wolfe, as well as Cleaver and Mailer. I would be happy to read essays by Irving Howe one after the other without a break, but not in these readers. I would be happy to watch Carol Channing do number after number, but not on a football field. The setup is the thing. When a student is told that what he is about to get is "uncompromisingly relevant" *(The American Experience)* he should know that all he is really going to get is a carnival sense of American culture, with footnotes for his sighs.

Equipped with this sense, he may become, in terms of the publishers' expectations, an ideal reader, a man like the editors themselves, forever eager to jump to anybody's conclusions, and from conclusion to conclusion, and from anthology to anthology. Of course, he will not know how to persuade people with the force of his learning and personality, or to use words generally either to his or anyone else's advantage, but he will be able to say things like "each writer creates out of the ashes of his criticism a unique phoenix" *(The Radical Vision)* without smiling, which is no small feat. In a country where every action is labeled a national tendency, every product is bound to be conceived of as an answer to national desires. These books are gaudy and loud because they take it for granted that what we seek is glitter and noise.

Wilde once said of a performance of *Hamlet* that it was funny without being vulgar. I suppose one winds up saying the same thing here, because even in the places where these readers are vulgar, how long can one steam over such patent nonsense? Still, as Melville and others have demonstrated, there is something scary about anything or anyone who is out to con you. You know you are not a fool, yet there are those who would like to prove that you are, who will wave flags or burn them if they think that is what you want, or hold a parade, or cry "alienation," or display a pretty girl or mourn a dead one. A clever showman usually knows what it is we care about, but he rarely knows why or how we care. It is that secret alone which keeps us safe from him, who, if we were to lower our defenses, would never give us an even break.

Roger Rosenblatt

Roger Rosenblatt is an assistant professor of English and the Director of the Expository Writing Program at Harvard University.

Before the Trip

Sometimes a Great Notion

"SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION" is a stunning masterpiece of a film. It captures the spirit of Ken Keysey's massive novel without bogging down in the novel's numerous subplots and psychological ruminations. The viewer will not grasp the significance of the title, however, which I assume is derived from Leadbelly's "Goodnight, Irene": "Sometimes I have a great notion to jump into the river and drown." The suicidal impulses of Lee Stamper, one of the main characters, as he grows from immaturity to manhood are barely emphasized.

Keysey, before he went on his LSD trips, bought his flowerchild bus (not a VW, but a bus), assembled the "merry pranksters," and roamed through the west like an encumbered Bronson, was a fine novelist. He seeks to capture what life is like in an Oregon lumber town, what the incessant rain means to men living in it and what kind of people survive against the elements. The kind of rugged individualist who can survive is a Stamper, whose family motto is straightforward: "Never give an inch." The movie, like the book, centers around this overriding theme: Will the Stampers finally yield that crucial inch?

The family fights more than the Oregon landscape. It fights the lumber union. The town is suffering from a crippling strike, but the Stampers are breaking it. "We got a contract," says old Henry Stamper, the family patriarch (played superbly by Henry Fonda — perhaps his finest role in a long career), and as Henry sees it, a contract is sacred. A man's honor is bound up in it. The union will have to wait. The union members who make up most of the town's working population are in no mood to wait.

How much is a man's word worth to him? How much is he willing to sacrifice to keep it? Everyone in town wants to see the Stampers break. Social ostracism, violence, threats: nothing that can be used as a weapon is avoided. But the Stampers are not the introspective existentialists of the modern film; they are one tough bunch of S.O.B.s. In the immortal words of Ricky Nelson, they don't mess around, boy.

Paul Newman, who directed the film, is very good as Hank Stamper, the second in command. He allows himself to be overshadowed by the performances of Fonda and Richard Jaeckel, who plays his cousin Joe Ben (Jobie). Michael Sarazin, who portrays young Lee Stamper, shows some capacity for subtlety something that he did not show in "The Flim Flam Man," when he served as George C. Scott's companion in "economic education." There simply is not a weak performance in the movie; as a director, Newman apparently doesn't give an inch either.

Newman has made a business of playing the rugged individualist. "Hud," "Harper" and "Hombre" are obvious examples. But this time his individualism has something substantial as its opposition: a labor union. This is what makes the film unique. The union is not run by a corrupt boss; it is made up of local folks who are very much like the fellow next door. But you find yourself cheering for the Stampers

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against the organized coercers. The movie is a defense of a century-old creed, unapologetic, hardnosed. It presents the case for the productive contract as against the contract to restrict production by violence. It says, in short, that collective coercion is not preferable to family solidarity and hard work.

The language is earthy in places, in the same way that the language in "Patton" is earthy. It is not forced; it is part of the culture of the lumber town in Oregon. It fits in as well as the magnificent scenery does. And the final scene is the most delightfully obscene film footage in recent years. When it finally comes, don't be surprised if the demure little grandmother seated behind you shouts, "Lay in on them, Hankus!"

What amuses me most, however, is the genuine, authentic, rustic cabin which serves as the Stampers' dwelling. It cost well over $100,000 to build. You just can't get cheap rusticity these days. It makes you wonder how the rustics ever could afford it.

Gary North

Gary North is on the staff of the Foundation for Economic Education.

Prejudices, First Series

The Machiavellian Novelists

IF THE AMERICAN novel is in immediate danger of extinction it may be a result of overproliferation. Perhaps the population explosion applies as much to fictional characters as it does to human beings.

Although it is fashionable to proclaim that the novel is in terrible straits, the observant critic cannot be so sure. The novel as an **art form,** the novel as literature in the Aristotelian sense, is in trouble, but it always has been. In the last thirty years we have seen only a few good novels emerge from the clutter of the best-seller lists, among them Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, Vladimir Nobkov's *Lolita*, and, perhaps, Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet*. But we have also seen a considerable increase in the publication of novels of all types, mostly designed to appeal to the mass market and produce a goodly income for the author (is there no doubt that Jacqueline Suzann and Erich Segal are the dirty and clean sides of the same sheet?). Yet new forms of fictional treatment are in constant development, regardless of their literary merit. Some, such as the contemporary naturalism displayed so beautifully in Joyce Carol Oates's *Them*, have been critically noted and acclaimed. Others, operating under the imperative of Gresham's Law, have not been worth seriously bothering about.

Of the latter group, one relatively recent arrival on the fictional scene has been the political novel. Personally, I am a fanatical follower of the political novel. This might be an awkward confession, to admit allegiance to a school of writing which one critically dismisses. However, I recently read Jacques Barzun's excellent study of the detective novel and decided to cast pretension aside.

The political novel is not even a poor cousin to the novel-as-art-form, but it is a direct and profitable heir to the novel-as-popular-amusement. It is a distinct *genre* within the general classification of the entertain-and-sell species. Ever since *Advise and Consent* hit the top of the charts, the political novel has become a familiar addition to the obligatory offerings of our larger publishing houses. *Seven Days In May* showed that the political novel was here to stay. Both of these novels sold so well, received such publicity and were so original in concept that they may be considered, respectively, as archetypes of the two different kinds of political novels. *Advise and Consent* represents the conflict class, in which the struggles and machinations involved in attaining higher public office are minutely described. Other examples: *The Last Hurrah* (which discloses the machinations involved in holding on to public office), *The Election, The 480, The Image Makers*, and the other Allen Drury novels in the *A&C* series.

The second group, which intrigues me more, is the Machiavellian novel, in which a conspiracy is uncovered or unravelled or revealed, shocking us with the final relevation. The founding father of this particular subspecies was *Seven Days in May*. In recent years it has been followed by such attempts as *Night at Camp David, Vanished, The President's Plane is Missing, The Jesus Factor*, and recently, *Their Man in The White House*. (I'll also throw in *Fail-Safe*, although in that case the evil genius was a machine whose malfunction led to the accidental elimination of Moscow.) The Machiavellian novels have common characteristics, which is a euphemistic way of saying that they share common flaws.

To start with, the conspiracy novels are on the whole pretty bad books. That is, they all rate high on the entertainment scale and at the very bottom of every other scale. Publishers and reviewers sometimes describe them as suspenseful but this is an opinion which is open to doubt. ("I stayed up all night reading *The Jesus Factor* — Mario Puzo, author of *The Godfather*." Q.E.D., Mario Puzo is an incurable insomniac.)

An English teacher of my acquaintance regards them generously as "heavily plot-oriented." That is their virtue and their sin. While the plots are often mildly interesting, they are just as often idiotic. First, the story line is usually based on an improbable hypothesis. When the entire book is based on a silly notion, the author must work hard to make it turn out to the reader's satisfaction. Most of these writers don't have that much energy. *The Jesus Factor*, for example, is based on the idea that the atom bomb really doesn't work. When it is set off automatically it will explode, but when dropped from an aircraft or delivered on a missile it won't, a phenomenon which Edwin Corley's fictional scientists blame on an unknown attribute of the atom bomb, hence the title of the book. Neat, huh? Likewise, *Vanished* asks the reader to believe that a presidential adviser can disappear on the ninth hole of the Burning Tree Golf Course without the President, the FBI or the CIA knowing or being able to discover what happened to him. Perhaps I value the President, the FBI and the CIA too highly.

Second, the authors, having committed themselves to an absurd idea, depend

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on flimsy and implausible gimmicks to get off the hook. In *The Jesus Factor* the author makes his leading character a United States senator and presidential candidate who, by the merest coincidence, was a member of the task force which delivered the Bomb to Japan at the close of World War II. The senator, througn a series of happy discoveries, draws from the fact that his Bomb didn't work when dropped on Tokyo the conclusion that no atom bomb works (he gets helpful hints from the Prime Ministers of England, France and Israel; the senator is a bit slow). Hiroshima? That's easily explained: on the morning of August 6, 1945, an American reconnaissance plane flew over Hiroshima, noticed that an earthquake was occuring, ordered an air strike which laid a magnesium burst over the city ("like the glare of a thousand suns"), and, well, everybody **thought** an atom bomb had exploded. Drink enough Cold Duck and you could invent such a plot. In *Vanished* the action swings on the assumption that in order for a top presidential adviser to make a secret rendezvous with the Red Chinese he must publicly disappear into thin air, causing national consternation. The main character and narrator of the story (sometimes the author steps in to narrate, just to confuse matters) is a presidential press secretary who is just as much in the dark as the reader. Henry Kissinger couldn't have done a better job of disproving every thesis on which this book rests. *The President's Plane Is Missing* begins with an interesting question: what would happen if Air Force One crashed in an uninhabitable and largely unreachable area? The book holds its excitement for a while, until we discover that the author has resorted to the gimmick of switching doubles (the president's cousin), so that the President can hold a top-secret summit conference with the Russians. You see, the President didn't really die in the plane crash but nobody — not even the Vice President — can be told because it would blow the meeting. Got it?

The third and most damaging accusation I can make against the Machiavellian novels is that they are so totally predictable. Any reasonably intelligent person who knows that the author **has** to find a solution and present a happy ending can guess at the solution long before the author is willing to surmount the contrived obstacles he has placed in the reader's way. *Vanished* and *The Jesus Factor* become transparent before the reader reaches the middle of the book. *The President's Plane Is Missing* is harder, because it requires that the reader be able to guess how the author is going to trick him. I was not able to do this, mainly because I do not like authors to trick me and I like to give them the benefit of the doubt when it looks like they are about to *Seven Days In May* stands heads-and-shoulders above the others in this respect, because the reader is willing to follow the internal logic of the novel and to accept the results (However, one must accept the presumption that our military leaders would overthrow the government if they had half a chance. I haven't seen any evidence of such boldness in our military leadership).

Not only are the plots unfounded, illogical, implausible and spiced with plenty of unacceptable trickery, but the writing is usually awful. The characters are mere stick figures, the scenes are awkwardly handled, the research is poor and the knowledge of the actual workings of government is skeletal. The sex, which is a good standard measuring device, is thrown about haphazardly, usually with little or no connection with the story. One suspects that the Writers Union has decreed that each bad book will have at least one inept, superfluous and boring sex scene. The authors fulfill this obligation religiously.

Despite it all, I'm still hooked on them. Just as I continue to puff my cigarettes with the full knowledge that each good gasp brings me a minute closer to the grave, so I continue to read each new political novel with a half-hearted acceptance that I will be smirking by the end of the second chapter. And sometimes, I am happy to report, my dreadful habit leads to a pleasant discovery.

1971s: "sleeper" was *Their Man in the White House*, a first novel by a young Canadian named Tom Ardies. The reasons why Mr. Ardies decided to employ his considerable talent on a Machiavellian novel are as mysterious as the best portions of this book; I suspect that he was testing to see if he could publish. At any rate, I am glad he made the decision, because he has provided *aficionados* of political fiction with that rarest of all rare gems, a decent book. But before I start speaking in superlatives I must report that this book does not entirely avoid the pitfalls of the *genre*. Ardies depends on a few tricks, including a switch of look-alikes. In this case it is a sin I am willing to forgive because it is well-done.

The novel revolves around a young writer who accepts an undercover CIA assignment to protect a soon-to-announce presidential candidate at his villa in Mexico. The incumbest president is worried because every announced candidate for the upcoming election has been assassinated. Needless to say, a plot is suspected. Ardies takes us from his hero's encounter with the candidate (a multimillionaire modelled on Dallas entrepreneur James Ling) through a series of adventures, misadventures and near-misses to a conclusion which leaves us with a glow of amazement. Ardies weaves his tale with a graceful style and a humorous insight. As we follow him through the various interlocking plots and counter-plots we have to give him credit for momentarily baffling, then enlightening us— but never to the point where we either give up or catch on. Only the best storytellers can touch that thin line without crossing it.

Writers of Machiavellian novels have a long way to go before they can attain the level of competence demonstrated by their brothers in the conflict class, or by their cousins in the detective and spy *genres*. Tom Ardies has brought the Machiavellian novel one step closer to respectability by producing a decently balanced, original, plausible and well-written book that manages to hold the intended suspense to the very last sentence.

Which proves that it can be done.

Wick Allison

Wick Allison graduated from the University of Texas in 1969. He worked on the Scranton Commission and is presently a free-lance writer, residing in Washington, D.C.

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THUGS

(continued from page 3)

to accept widespread — and increasing — racist policies. Spreading the anti-racist movement and the fight to **stop Banfield** to every school where his book is used is a very serious question for the lives of millions. There's a lot of discussion in SDS about how to do this best. Here are some ideas: 1) Start petition campaigns condemning the book or demanding it be thrown off campus; 2) Write letters to school papers exposing it; 3) Put on guerilla skits in classes where it's used; 4) Confront the teacher and demand he or she not support this racism; 5) Write us. We can help by sending you info on schools near you where the right's already started and by mailing out lit against Banfield and his racist brothers and sisters..." Another scholar who has been an object of the SDS campaign is Richard J. Herrnstein, a

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The Bootblack Stand

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled *Escape! A New Demand Response System*. Now, through this column, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

Why does no one remember that I stormed through the Illinois Primary with a landslide 63 per cent?

E. Muskie

Dear Mr. Muskie:

You were running against an unemployed about-to-be divorced Catholic poet.

—GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

!&?*$!($, you should be able to help me out. Those $*"?&!"!! senators run me over the coals and its impossible to get a word out edgewise with all those $f*&?!$* newsmen around. How can I re-establish my reputation as a dignified, honest lady lobbyist.

Dita Beard

Dear Mrs. Beard:

Some time ago, I pointed out the difference between honest graft and dishonest graft and as I said, "I seen my chances and I took 'em." Frankly this whole ITT thing sounds silly to me. Who would throw an antitrust suit for money that didn't even go into their own personal bank account?

—GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

It has come to my attention, quite by happenstance, that a letter allegedly signed by me and written on Senate stationery was published in your May column. I say by happenstance because I never read, for I realize that so much more can be learned by just talking to folks and that printed matter is elitist and the work of fat cats who lack compassion and understanding for the people.

Now I never wrote that letter, and, in fact, I rarely write at all, having only recently learned how to spell my name. As that letter made me sound stupid and unsympathetic to the problems of the people I demand an immediate retration from your column. I realize that your publication of this letter was an attempt at political assassination of me by conveying to the people the fallacious notion that I write letters to fat cat elitists and running dogs.

Senator Name Withheld
Evansville, Indiana

Dear Senator Name Withheld:

You have me wrong. I never would do anything to hinder your gorgeous career, for it has provided vast amusement to me throughout the years. Indeed, I was surprised to see that you actually wrote a letter, but then I thought you might have put one of your enlightened aides on the project. I should have known that the letter was not your work. And, certainly, I would have caught on to the real source had I but read the newspaper at the time your letter arrived in our offices. You see, at that time there was an escape by several patients from the Indiana State Insane Asylum. Had I been aware of it I would have been more attentive to their mischief. Incidentally, one of the patients is still at large. I expect he will be nabbed when he enters the governor's race this fall.

—GWP

Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. Mr. Herrnstein came under attack following the publication of his article "I.Q." in the September 1971 issue of *The Atlantic*.

In his article, Mr. Herrnstein recounts the development of intelligence tests and reviews some of the literature on the concept of intelligence, the relations between intelligence, education and socio-economic status and the effect of environment and heredity on intelligence. When he considers the extent to which intelligence is a product of environment or heredity, he takes up two articles by Arthur R. Jensen, a professor at the University of Califoria at Berkeley and another object of the SDS campaign. Mr. Herrnstein agrees with Mr. Jensen and others that about eighty per cent of the variation in intelligence is attributable to heredity. Mr. Herrnstein states that "Jensen's two papers leave little doubt about the heritability of I.Q. among North American and Western European whites, whom most data on the subject describe," and he notes that there has been little controversy over this finding. On the other hand, there has been much controversy over the extent to which racial differences in I.Q. can be attributed to genetic differences between blacks and whites. Mr. Herrnstein argues that, given the current state of knowledge about the matter, nothing conclusive can be said right now but he maintains that, given "sufficient ingenuity and hard work," knowledge about this matter can be substantially improved.

Mr. Herrnstein advances an argument about the role of inherited intelligence in a society in which success is based on merit. At one point, he puts his argument in the form of a "syllogism":

1. If differences in mental abilities are inherited, and
2. If success requires those abilities, and
3. If earnings and prestige depend on success,
4. Then social standing (which reflects earnings and prestige) will be based to some extent on inherited differences among people.

Mr. Herrnstein lists five "corollaries" to this "syllogism" and he then concludes that "the syllogism and its corollaries point to a future in which social classes not only continue but become ever more solidly built on inborn differences." Mr. Herrnstein believes "classlessness is elusive because people vary and compete for gain — economic and otherwise." He notes the efforts of reformers who hope to achieve classlessness by improving social conditions and making the environments in which people live similar or even identical. But, as he points out, reducing the effect of environment on variations in intelligence necessarily increases that of heredity. The paradox is that, in a meritocratic society, efforts to eliminate classes based at least partially on non-genetic differences help to produce or reinforce classes based largely on genetic differences. Since the publication of his article, Mr. Herrnstein has been given the works. At Harvard, radicals involved in the anti-Herrnstein campaign have held meetings, passed out leaflets, and put up posters. One poster, many copies of which appeared on the Harvard campus during the first semester of this past academic year, was a "Wanted" poster produced by the Harvard chapter of SDS and Harvard's radical University Action Group (UAG). Besides characterizing Mr. Herrnstein as "Pigeonman" — most of his laboratory research has been on pigeons — the poster misrepresented what he says in his article. For example, the poster said that, in his article, Mr. Herrnstein offers this definition: "Blacks: 'A low-capacity residue unable to master even the common occupations.' " What Mr. Herrnstein really says in his article is: "As the wealth and complexity of human society grow, there will be precipitated out of the mass of humanity a low-capacity (intellectual and otherwise) residue that may be unable to master the common occupations, cannot compete for success and achievement, and are most likely to be born

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to parents who have similarly failed." When Alan J. Garfinkel, a member of Harvard's UAG and a fourth-year graduate student in — of all things — philosophy, was asked by a reporter for *The Phoenix*, a Boston weekly newspaper, to account for the discrepancy, Garfinkel said: "It was a dumb thing. I had to finish up the poster and I didn't have the article in front of me. The question was, was I going to haul ass for two miles at 2 a.m. or was I going to rely on my usually good memory. I don't think I betrayed the sense of what he was saying, though." (Paul Solman, "The Herrnstein IQ Controversy," *The Phoenix*, April 18 1972.)

Some radicals at Harvard have not only criticized Mr. Herrnstein's article but harassed Mr. Herrnstein himself. They have attended some of his classes, where they have distributed anti-Herrnstein literature to the students, taped anti-Herrnstein posters to the walls and attempted to turn discussion or question-and-answer sessions into debates over the article.

At Harvard, some students and teachers who do not belong to radical groups or favor extreme tactics have become critics of Mr. Herrnstein. Much of their criticism has been directed not at any deficiencies or errors in Mr. Herrnstein's article but at what they suppose to be his political motivations or his article's political implications. It has been argued that Mr. Herrnstein published his article in *The Atlantic* instead of a "scholarly" journal and wrote about intelligence in the first place not because he wanted to bring his scholarly work to other people's attention but because he is "racist," "sexist" or "anti-working class." It also has been argued that, even if Mr. Herrnstein himself were not "racist," "sexist" or "anti-working class," he should not have published his article because of its political, that is "racist," "sexist" or "anti-working class" implications. In addition to being slanderous, these arguments are weak and most of the people who advance them are disingenuous. These people constantly have rejected the distinction between scholarship and politics and even reviled those who have attempted to uphold the distinction in principle and practice. Now they present themselves as steadfast defenders of the distinction, outraged by Mr. Herrnstein's alleged failure to observe it.

The campaign against Mr. Herrnstein has not been limited to Harvard, for the current academic mentality that acquiesces to this sort of totalitarian activity now can be found on most colleges. On February 28, Professor Herrnstein was at the University of Iowa. He was scheduled to deliver a speech there, but he had to cancel when he learned SDS had gathered a hostile crowd of about 400 students to confront him. On March 3, Mr. Herrnstein informed the Princeton Psychology Colloquium Committee that he was cancelling the talk he had been scheduled to give at one of its weekly meetings for advanced psychology students. He cancelled the talk after the chairman of the Colloquium Committee told him that Princeton's University Action Group planned to attend the meeting and question Mr. Herrnstein about his views on I.Q., which was not the scheduled topic of the meeting. Furthermore, the group intended to use force if necessary to prevent Mr. Herrnstein from leaving the room were he to refuse to answer their questions. Commenting on his decision not go to Princeton, Mr. Herrnstein said: "I just won't speak at all under these conditions because I see no reason to subject myself to physical violence." (By the way, the nefarious topic on which he had planned to speak at Princeton was "The Visual World of the Pigeon.")

What may prove to be the most extraordinary event of the anti-Herrnstein campaign occurred at Harvard just three days after Mr. Herrnstein cancelled his appearance at Princeton. On the morning of March 6, Mr. Herrnstein went to the Allston Burr building's lecture hall B, where he delivered a lecture to about 250 students in his "Introduction to Psychology" course. He finished his lecture at 11 a.m. As the students were leaving the lecture hall, about twenty-five members of Harvard SDS and Harvard's University Action Group (UAG) rushed through two sets of doors near the rostrum, gathered around Mr. Herrnstein and shouted questions at him.

Mr. Herrnstein did not answer their questions but, accompanied by a plain-clothes Harvard police officer, he made his way through the crowd. As he left the building, he had to scuffle with an SDS member who tried to block his way.

He and the Harvard police officer walked from the Allston Burr building up Quincy Street to William James Hall, where Mr. Herrnstein has his office. On the way, they were surrounded by the SDS-UAG group, whose members continued to shout at Mr. Herrnstein

At William James Hall, Mr. Herrnstein and the officer entered an elevator, and members of the SDS-UAG group tried to enter it too. The officer complained that there were too many people in the elevator and he and Mr. Herrnstein quickly switched to another elevator, where there was scuffling when the officer tried to close the doors. According to Daniel Swanson, a reporter for *The Harvard Crimson*, "Herrnstein said nothing throughout the confrontation but appeared shaken." On the elevator ride to the sixth floor, about ten members of the group accompanied the officer and Mr. Herrnstein, who continued not to respond to what members of the group were saying to him. On the sixth floor, Mr. Herrnstein, followed by the people who had accompanied him on the elevator ride, walked up and down the

(continued on page 24)

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To the Editor:

Poor Michael Clurman (March) has "not seen a single modern cogent, moral argument for accepting the distribution of income which a free market presents us with." Perhaps he hasn't really looked.

My income in a free market represents what other people are perfectly willing to give up in order to acquire my services, or the goods to which my labor contributes (in this case, NATIONAL REVIEW). Except for monopoly or theft, income is a measure of one's exchange value to others.

Now, Why does Mr. Clurman feel morally justified in **forcing** me, with the help of however large a majority, to share that which has been freely given to me for my considerable efforts? Contrary to the opening quote, I do not have an unnatural monopoly over libertarian economics, nor have I stolen anything from NATIONAL REVIEW's beloved subscribers. Ture, I did "inherit" a vocabulary and some tuition money from my parents (though I lived, rent-free, in a dog hospital), but that was **their** right since their incomes were also obtained without force or fraud.

The dollars I have symbolize what I have created, just as surely as a pot belongs to the potter who made it. If Clurman wishes to take my little pot of wealth, the burden of moral justification would seem to lie on **his** modern shoulders. Otherwise, we should brand and prosecute him as the thief he aspires to be.

Alan Reynolds
Associate Editor
National Review

To the Editor:

I just read your editorial in the May issue of **The Alternative** and I didn't like the part about the "noble red men." You say, "look what **we** have done for the American Indian." I know that time changes lots of things - but I believe there is one fact in history which remains the same WHO WAS HERE FIRST? Us or the "noble red man?" If memory serves me right I believe **he** was. Probably tied up the boat when **our ancestors** stepped off the Mayflower.

But the great white man fought them and took the land away from them and put them on a little patch of land, gave them a few blankets and food and **ordered** them not to stray out of bounds. That's Americanism and Christianism? **(Sic)** Well, I'm not too proud of it. You also say "our government" is it not "their" government, too? Don't they have a right to go to Senate hearings if they so choose? And you say "no civilized man" times have changed, Mr. Tyrrell, they're civilized maybe more than **you.** In my opinion, you sound like an "I" man. What makes you think you are any better than they are? They're just not **our kind,** right?

And while we're at it I suppose you believe the American Negroes should also be put on a reservation. And how did they get here? Did not the great white man bring them here for slaves? Naturally, they multiplied as most species of human life does **(Sic). And I say** HURRAH for Abraham Lincoln - he was a great and wise man. In my opinion, the **greatest** President this nation has ever had or ever will have. Let's also put **Catholics** and **Jews** on reservations. They're not our kind, either. Have we left anyone out? Personally, I do believe that all men (and women) are created equal and should be treated as equals. I have never known any full-blooded Indians- but I did work with a girl that was part Indian I believe her grandmother was a "half-breed" as you would probably say. I liked her and we got along just fine. I didn't feel I was better than she was. One of my **best** friends is a **Catholic** - I don't believe in her religion, but I respect her right to her own beliefs no matter how odd. I have worked with some very wonderful Negroes men and women. Some of my favorite entertainers are Negroes.

I'm proud to say I'm not prejudiced against Indians, Negroes, Catholics, Jews or whatever I'm just prejudiced against people who are prejudiced!!

Penelope Penberthy
Bloomington, Indiana

To the Editor:

I admire John R. Coyne, Jr., and thus I was greatly disappointed in his **Centrist Nixon, Centrist Nation** piece in your May **Alternative.**

First, for reasons articulately offered by George McCarter in the same issue and by Evans and Novak in their book, Richard Nixon is not a "centrist." That is, he is not a product of nor conscious espouser for the broad, middle base of non-ideological citizens which make up our country. He has always been an introvert by nature, we are told by his intimates, and his few associates were men of non-descript though hyperambitious character with equal desires to achieve success. The President is a card-carrying Pragmatist.

Secondly, by asking if we, as conservatives, "really (would) enjoy living in a completely conservative society?", John Coyne perhaps unconsciously assumes that conservatism is an ideology. Though some people by the rigor of their "conservative demonstration" may facilitate such appearances, I join the late Willmoore Kendall in his nearly universally held view. That is, that there is a reason no one has ever written or attempted to write a book entitled, **Conservatism, A to Z.** As philosophical and-or political conservatives, our views are "in continuing approximation." Dr. Jeffrey Hart offers proofs in his, **The American Dissent** (New York: Doubleday, 1966), and one only has to read a single issue of **National Review** to realize that there is no party line amongst us. In his heart, I know that John Coyne agrees with me, because the day American conservatism loses its basically eclectic and — fusionist character (i.e., the day we deny American pluralism) is the day we join the fate of moribund Liberalism.

Thirdly, assuming the President is a pragmatic fellow, I also assume he acknowledges a momentary truth, though a truth no less: One can get away with moves to the left (e.g., FAP, wage-price, China, low profile on defense, etc.) that one cannot effect with impunity to the right. (e.g. attempt in 1969 to decrease size of state department). By pulling off a China reverse and pleasing at least most editors of the **New Republic** with FAP, the President gains marginal political support in certain communities not accessible to a normal Republican. The Silent Majority, which increasingly describes itself as conservative as time evolves, is satisfied with Nixon stands and-or moves on busing, abortion and areas of material interest. The Silent Majority has never been an avid follower of foreign affairs, nor will it unless it directly involves American boys or an attack on American soil. The Silent Majority, the visceral base of "grassroots conservatism" sociologists are discussing more frequently these days, depends on the Barry Goldwaters, the Ronald Reagans and the identified public office holders to describe the "conservative's position" on China, Vietnam, etc.

The danger in Conservative support of Nixon and the danger of not articulating a position to the right of this antiprincipled administration would not have been real had our political leaders, Governor Reagan and Senator Goldwater, offered a spirited to at least luke-warm opposition during those days of the week Nixon is Liberal. However, by omission, established senior conservative leaders in effect confirmed the media's portrait of Nixon as the Conservative Alternative. And so it is that a pragmatic president, described today as a "centrist," can tomorrow move thirty degrees to the left and still be called a "centrist." Or so it will be unless a few more established conservative leaders offer the nation a little more choice and a bit less echo on behalf of Nixon's right flank in the years ahead.

Ronald F. Docksai
national chairman,
Young Americans for Freedom

To the Editor:

Why exactly David Brudnoy takes upon himself the task of reviewing a book, the contents of which and subject whereof he confesses some ignorance, is a question which I should think at least a few other readers may have asked. Several of his open-ended sentences and paragraphs could stand reply and clarification. First, he is wrong to judge today's theatre on the basis of flying genitalia. "Dionysus in 69," and "Fortune and Men's Eyes," the implicit suggestion in his review-article being that such like are representative of all modern theatre productions. They may be representative of a theatrical sexual preoccupation, but probably not much more. Sure, "Hair" was highly profitable in Boston (and elsewhere) while it ran, but "Jacques Brel" and "The Proposition" too, have been just as profitable and popular in their own ways. And for each college production of "Fortune and Men's Eyes" he points to, I'll bet he can also point to a traditional play in a seasonal program, for my guess is that a collegiate company cannot hope to attract a sizeable audience throughout its season if it insists on toisting the **avant-garde** is bound to be artificial. People just can't be homogenized like that, especially as concerns the theatre. I've seen some Shakespearean productions which Mr. Brudnoy would have found just as dismaying as anything done by the Living Theater. On the other hand, Robert Bolt's "Vivat, Regina" is, by all standards, theatrically conservative. Anyone who frequents the theatre is bound to be sophisticated in his own way, and educated, even if superficially, to the kinds of changes the twentieth century has wrought in drama. Those who were weaned on Pirandello in the thirties can hardly be called "new theatre-goers" today.

And, third, if I may be forgiven for suggesting the matter, it does seem to me as if Mr. Brudnoy may be confusing the **avant-garde** with modern drama. Though it is true that one arises from the other, the two aren't always the same. To use an example from a form of entertainment he knows well, Robbe-Grillet's "L'Eden et apres" is **avant-garde** and would have been impossible without the Dali-Bunuel "Un Chien Andalou," but there's little point in calling the latter **avant-garde.** It's now part of the classical cinematic repertory.

Your humble servant,
Steve Finer
Boston, Massachusetts

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THUGS

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corridor and then went into a seminar room.

By this time, the SDS and UAG members who had been in the elevator with Mr. Herrnstein were rejoined by the other members of their group, and together they entered and then quickly left the seminar room in which Mr. Herrnstein was located. Paul Goodof appeared and told the group he was a representative of Charles P. Whitlock, Dean of Harvard College. Mr. Goodof stood in front of the door of the seminar room, and the confrontation ended. (My account of these events is taken from Daniel Swanson's article "Herrnstein Baited; May Call in CRR" in *The Harvard Crimson*, March 7, 1972. By the way, I have neither seen nor heard a single report that anyone on the Harvard campus who witnessed these events — with the exception of Mr. Goodof — attempted to aid Mr. Herrnstein or the police officer.)

After these events were over, Mr. Herrnstein said he might report them to the Committee on Rights and Responsibilities (CRR), which is Harvard's disciplinary committee. Eventually, Mr. Herrnstein filed charges against two people: Bonnie Blustein, a senior at Radcliffe, and Alan J. Garfinkel, a fourth-year graduate student in philosophy to whom I already have referred. Both Miss Blustein and Mr. Garfinkel have been prominent in radical activities at Harvard; both have been leaders of the anti-Herrnstein campaign there; and both were members of the SDS-UAG group that harassed Mr. Herrnstein on March 6.

The eight-member CRR took testimony, received evidence and heard arguments from both sides of the two cases and then, after meeting five times for a total of sixteen hours over three weeks, it recently announced its decision to take no action against Miss Blustein or Mr. Garfinkel.

That should not be too surprising. Anyone who has observed the establishment of these "new era" disciplinary committees knows what to expect from them and it's not committees for academic freedom.

Thus it is both instructive and useful to discuss what the CRR and similar institutions at other colleges and universities represent. The politicization of American colleges and universities has included the adoption by many students, teachers and administrators of political conceptions of the university. Some of these students, teachers and administrators, particularly political radicals, conceive of the university as a center for the propagation of certain political values and a base for certain political activities (the values propagated and the activities undertaken being determined by whoever controls the university). The political radicals do not want to change the nature of the university as they understand it; what they want is to control the university so that they can determine what values it propagates and what activities it undertakes. But I believe most of the students, teachers and administrators who hold political notions about the university conceive of it not as a center for the propagation of certain political values and a base for certain political activities but rather as a democratic polity. (For a critical analysis of the analogy between universities and democratic politics, see Robert Brustein's *Revolution As Theatre*, reviewed in *The Alternative*, May 1971.)

According to the conception of the university as a democratic polity, students, teachers and administrators are not members of a hierarchical community of scholars but free and equal citizens of a democratic community. They enjoy not the "privileges" of people who have successfully competed for a limited number of places in a hierachical community of scholars but the "rights" of citizens of a democratic community. One such "right" is to participate in decision-making, for example, by voting or by sitting on councils. Students, teachers and administrators who want to see this "right" realized work to make the institutions of the university correspond as closely as possible to those of a democratic state.

Harvard's Committee on Rights and Responsibilities is typical. The faculty members who sit on it are elected by their "constituency," the entire Faculty of Arts and Sciences, from among faculty members nominated by the Faculty Council (which itself is elected by the entire faculty) or by individual faculty members. The several student "constituencies" under the Faculty of Arts and Sciences—freshman, upperclassmen and graduate students — may elect representatives with full voting power to the CRR but they have refused to do so because, among other reasons, they do not have representation on the CRR equal to or greater than that of the faculty. Since these students conceive of the university as a democratic polity, they think it is unjust for a

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"minority" (the faculty) to have more representatives than the "majority" (them).

The CRR is authorized to receive complaints from members of the University Community. If the members of the CRR believe the complaints should be considered, they may decide to hold "hearings" on them. At hearings, "plaintiffs," "defendants" and their "witnesses" present "evidence," give "testimony" and make "arguments." When the hearings are over, the CRR's members hold "deliberations," out of which come "decisions" on whether or not the defendants are "guilty" and what, if any, penalties are to be imposed. Few defendants who are found guilty are expelled from the University, perhaps because, given the conception of the university as a democratic polity, expulsion seems equivalent to life imprisonment or even the death penalty. (If you think this is ridiculous, you have not spent much time at an American university recently; if you were to have done so, you would have cultivated an appreciation of the ridiculous.)

In both the way its members are selected and the way its business is conducted, the CRR is an institutional expression of the conception of the university as a democratic polity. It is modelled on a court in a democratic state. But it does not have all the characteristics of such a court and it does not function as part of a complete judicial or legal system. If any people are selected by either "plaintiffs" or "defendants" to represent them before the CRR, such people are not "officers of the court." This "court" has no "officers," including police officers (the duties of the Harvard University Police essentially are those of watchmen). The members of the CRR are not full-time "judges"; they are not even lawyers. Even if they were lawyers, they probably would not be much better equipped to do their work, for they have no "laws" to uphold and no substantial body of "precedents" to consult. They can turn only to a "Resolution on Rights and Responsibilities" and their own decisions over the past few years. So, for the most part, the CRR's members must make decisions largely on the basis of whatever standards happen to seem appropriate to them when cases arise, and this *ad hoc* procedure understandably has moved some people to criticize the CRR for being unfair or unjust.

There may be people who recognize the defects of panals like the CRR but believe these defects can be eliminated by making these panels more like courts in a democratic state. These people also may feel it is "better" that disciplinary decisions be made by such panels, whatever their defects, than by a group of administrators or — heaven forbid — one administrator. But why is it "better?" There is nothing that indicates the CRR, with its largely *ad hoc* procedure, is less arbitrary than an administrator. There is, however, evidence that suggests the CRR is less effective and efficient and, therefore, less able to protect the University from danger.

Take Miss Blustein and Mr. Garfinkel. They repeatedly have demonstrated their hostility toward Harvard and their contempt for teaching, learning and scholarship in general and they recently have led a campaign of harassement and intimidation against one of Harvard's professors. As a result of their participation in one of the actions of that campaign, they were brought before a committee of eight Harvard professors. The subsequent spectacle of these eight professors meeting five times for sixteen hours over three weeks to agonize over the cases of these two students may strike some people as an example of fairness or justice. It strikes me as an exercise in fatuity. It is the result of a series of actions, including the establishment of the CRR itself, based on the conception of the university as a democratic polity. That conception is not necessarily "wrong" and the conception of the university as a hierarchical community of scholars is not necessarily "right," but these two conceptions are incompatible. A university cannot be a democratic polity and a hierarchical community of scholars. If Harvard or any other university wants to survive as such a community, it needs not more committees like the CRR but more people who have confidence in their own judgment that teaching, learning and scholarship are worthwhile and, therefore, worth defending. (In other words, it needs more people who believe in what Professor Robert Nisbet calls "the academic dogma," though that dogma has been increasingly abandoned under the attacks of recent years. See Professor Nisbet's brilliant book *The Degradation of the Academic Dogma*, reviewed in *The Alternative*, March 1972.)

Before people can have confidence in the judgment that teaching, learning and scholarship are worthwhile and worth defending, they must be able to make that judgment. Over this past academic year, there have been a few events that may at first suggest that at least some people at Harvard are able to make it. The campaign against Mr. Herrnstein has been deprecated and deplored by some 100 faculty members in a public statement, by students enrolled in Mr. Herrnstein's "Introduction to Psychology" course in a letter to *The Harvard Crimson*, and by Derek C. Bok, the President of Harvard, in remarks at a faculty meeting on April 11. Neither the faculty statement nor the student letter nor President Bok's remarks contain concrete proposals for stopping the harassment and intimidation of Mr. Herrnstein. So, although the statement, the letter and the remarks may be taken as well-intentioned, they also may be dismissed as instances of the moral grandstanding that flourishes on American campuses.

Mr. Bok made his remarks about the anti-Herrnstein campaign in the course of explaining to the faculty why his Administration had decided to let SDS hold its "National Convention Against Racism" at Harvard from March 30 to—April 2. He said there was "a heavy presumption against offering our facilities to certain groups and denying them to others because of our agreement or disagreement with their opinions and behavior."

From what sort of thinking does such a presumption emerge? It may be that Mr. Bok conceives of the university as a democratic polity and, consequently, believes that denying a group the privilege of using Harvard's facilities is in some sense equivalent to denying it the right of free speech. It also may be that Mr. Bok regards his refusal to consider the "opinions and behavior" of people when he decides how to treat them as a sign of his "liberalism," "openness" or "tolerance," but a refusal to discriminate and judge is a refusal to think.

When some people at a university harass intimidate a profesor, they are not posing a challenge to an administrator's "liberalism," "openness " or "tolerance" or a disciplinary committee's "fairness" or "justice." What they are posing is a challenge to the courage, decency and good sense of everyone at the university. When some people at a university slander a professor, prevent or disrupt his public appearances and even physically attack him, they are not acting like scholars but like thugs.

Originally, the word "Thugs" designated members of a religious organization in India who killed and robbed in the name of Kali, a god of destruction. The Thugs were not common criminals; they were "idealists" who interpreted their crimes as religious acts. Other people interpreted their crimes differently and the Thugs were suppressed after 1831. The suppression of their descendants at American colleges and universities could not begin too soon.

Terry Krieger

Commentary

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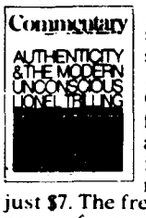

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"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." – Euripides

THE TURTLE AND THE HARE-BRAINED

The distinguished senator from Massachusetts notes another clique of Robber Barons flagrante delecto:

Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D-Mass.) warns that 95 per cent of all pet turtles shipped in the United States are contaminated with salmonella bacteria, although the turtle farmers claim a much lower number — 25 per cent.

—Cincinnati *Enquirer*

A NATION OF SOMNAMBULATING EINSTEINS

When the New Enlightenment filters down to a woman of the cloth merriment ensues.

Grades and class rankings are "inhuman" ways of rating students and do more harm than good, two Midwestern educators told the North Central Accrediting Association meeting here yesterday.

Such evaluations lead to "injustices which students, teachers and principals can no longer countenance," said Sister Mary Simpson, principal of St. Teresa Academy in East St. Louis.

"Probably every secondary school principal here today has known an underachiever in the 9th and 10th grades who suddenly wakes up and wants desperately to attend engineering school, but his class rank places him below half in his class," she said.

— Chicago *Tribune*

BEYOND BUSING

What will the pointy heads be telling the little children next?

A small shopowner in the municipality of Caruaru in Northeast Brazil told authorities he had withdrawn his 8-year-old son from school because he had been told by his teacher that man had landed on the moon.

"Nowadays they teach things that haven't happened," said Severino Salvino da Silva, 45.

He said the space trip saga was "an invention of newspapers and professors who do not believe in God."

— *UPI*

NEWS TWISTERS AGAIN

Tsk Tsk, Agnew's assault on the media finds an unexpected ally:

Near-Neanderthal publisher, William Loeb, had instulted Mr. Muskie ....

— *The New Republic*

CORVAIRS AND SNAKE OIL

Ralph Nader's years of studying the scheming ways of big business have not been wasted. Recently a cunning advertisement actually signed by him appeared in the *New York Times* with this enterprising attachment. On to General Motors ...

Public Citizen, Inc.
P.O. Box 19404, Washington, DC. 20036
I am a Public Citizen. Here's my $15.00 (I enclose an additional contribution of $ .....). Please don't waste any of it sending me a thank you letter, a membership card or literature. I know what's wrong. What I want is to see something done about it.
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....
Zip .....
Please make check payable to.
Public Citizen, Inc.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

From the newspaper advertisement of a renowned Midwestern chiropractor, one can easily perceive that this arcane science might soon render Dr. Spock obsolete as well as leeches and horse hairs:

Q. I read in a popular child care book that spanking a small child could be injurious to his spine, and that it might create serious problems in the future. I don't believe in beating a child but our little boy responds very nicely to a little swat on his behind. What is your opinion, doctor?

A. Please don't get me into the middle of the age-old controversey about sparing the rod or vice versa. Just let me tell you about the structure of your little boy's body.

Remember the song that goes, "knee bone connected to the thigh bone, thigh bone connected to the hip bone, hip bone connected to the back bone," etc. Every parent should keep that song in mind when punishing a child.

GNOSTIC STUDIES

Sister Annie Gottlieb peers into the future presumably after a tour of the Bronx zoo:

We are moving "beyond all known standards ... to a species with a new name, that would not dare define itself as a man."

— *The New York Review of Books*

THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG DOG

Signs that the cultural renaissance has seeped into the Dallas Cowboy' locker room as revealed in a rare and very special interview with Mr. Duane Thomas, running back:

"Art held me back — it being impossible to leave the world of football until I had brought forth all I had felt called upon to produce."

Promising a return to what he called "the highest perfection," he said he would again some day stir the same feelings in football crowds that Beethoven "Eroica" — or Heroic — Symphony evokes from music lovers.

— *Associated Press*

BELLES LETTRES

The multifarious capacities of the New China man continue to dazzle the decadent West. Compare this artful poem, written by Papa Mao, with any of the paltry poesy ever penned by old Adolph:

The Long March

The Red Army is not afraid of hardship
on the march, the long march.
Ten thousand waters and a thousand
mountains are nothing.
The Five Sierras meander like small
waves,
The summits of Wumeng pour on the
plain like balls of clay.
Cliffs under clouds are warm and washed
below by the River Gold Sand.
Iron chains are cold, reaching over the
Tatu River.
The far snows of minshan only make us
happy
and when the army pushes through, we
all laugh.

— *New York Times*

THE RED SCARE

It's dog eat dog in the exotic rough and tumble of U.N. literary circles:

Vallery Ivanovich Markelov a United Nations secretariat editor arrested Monday night on espionage charges, had extensive technical engineering training, records indicated yesterday.

Yesterday the 32-year-old stockily built Russian was held in $5,000,000 bail by United States Magistrate Max Schiffman in Brooklyn.

Monday night's arrest took place in a parking lot after a reported meeting in the Wah Lum Chinese restaurant in Patchogue, L.I.

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CONTINUING CRISIS

(continued from page 2)

Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. On Sunday, April 16, a gay group gathered in Trenton, New Jersey to celebrate the birthday of Mr. Adolph Hitler, the German nationalist, and sing "Happy Birthday Dear Fuehrer." Though the assembled throng was reticent concerning its own achievement, one young man (the one wearing glasses) asseverated that Mr. Hitler would have been eighty-three years of age this month. For the fourth year in a row, Mr. Juanito Piring of San Fernando, Philippines had himself nailed to a wooden cross, and back in the States, Senator Muskie withdrew from active campaigning in the primaries on the same day Mr. Bobby Baker won parole.

● In Illinois it was politics as usual. Appearing before an audience of Loyola University students, the Democratic senatorial candidate, Mr. Roman Pucinski, swallowed a live goldfish while assuring students America was coming "back to normalcy." Mr. Vel Bolderson passed away and an unidentified assailant shot the Italian civil rights activist Mr. Crazy Joe Gallo while he dined at Umberto's Clam House.

● Mr. Gill Hodges, Mr. Kwame Nkrumah, and Adam Cleyton Powell expired while the luxury automobile that Rudolph Valentino had purchased for his 1923 honeymoon with Natasha Rambova was sold to "a collector." The Italian newspaper *Il Gorno* reports that 14.7 per cent of Italy's prostitutes hold university degrees and 41 per cent hold junior high school certificates. Alene Bertha Duerk has become the Navy's first woman admiral. And the lovely Christine Jorgenson, who underwent a surgical sex transplant, began a speaking tour of the great universities of the country. According to Jorgenson, its sexual surgery twenty years ago marked the beginning of the sexual revolution.

● America's baseball season did not begin until April 14 due to a strike by the performers, and, in Spain, the bullfighting season still is being jeopardized by striking members of the Bullfighters' Association. So by the end of April most Americans found themselves agreeing with Mr. Eliot's judgment of that month. The ITT controversy continued to drag as did: the unpleasantness in Ireland, the debate over British entry into the Common Market, the air bag controversy, the bumper controversy, the busing controversy, the Paris Peace Talks, the various FTC probes, the debate over Kleindienst, a bewildering government antitrust suit against television networks, the Red Chinese table tennis tour, Senator Proxmire's investigations of this and that, the cholesterol controversy. The month that began with Mr. Robert Kasen, editor of the Teamster Union's official publication *Focus*, criticizing the media for portraying the typical working man as an oaf named Archie Bunker ended with Senator McGovern promising to end the Bunker-Nixon tyranny.

● And for those who had so hoped this spring would mark an incipient greening — well Kenya announced a ban on hippies. Judge Muju Pufewbop of Ndoia, Zambia convicted two moonshiners and coerced them into giving away two hundred cases of confiscated spirits. The new morality suffered a set back in Plymouth, England where a Victorian judge fined Doctor Peregrine Slemn $520 for taking off his pants while conducting an examination of a nude nineteen-year-old girl. And the United States is trying to deport Mr. John Lennon and the striking Oko Yono, despite the humanitarian lobbying of Mayor Lindsay.

● What kind of month was it? Well, in Sacramento, California the *Good News Paper*, which printed only good news, folded. □

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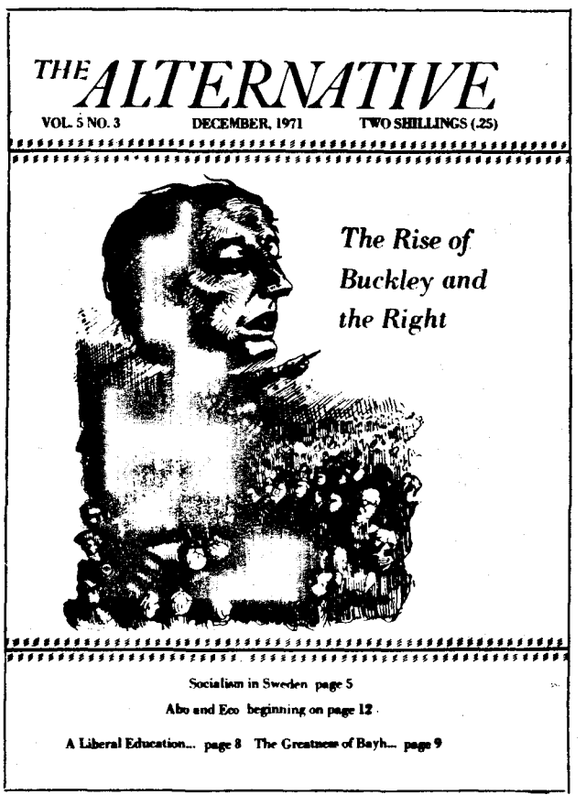
"*The Alternative* is a welcome addition to the ranks of American opinion journalism." —*Spiro T. Agnew*

"Yuk" —*Abbie Hoffman*


THE ALTERNATIVE
VOL. 5 NO. 3 DECEMBER, 1971 TWO SHILLINGS (.25)
The Rise of Buckley and the Right
Socialism in Sweden page 5
Abo and Eco beginning on page 12
A Liberal Education... page 8 The Greatness of Bayh... page 9

"I predict for THE ALTERNATIVE a leading role in philosophical and political battles to come." — *M. Stanton Evans*

"...one of the most amusing and outrageous and interesting student journals in America." — *William F. Buckley, Jr.*

"...stands almost alone among a welter of New Left, radical and revolutionary publications." — *Louisville Courier Journal*

Have you ever wondered what could be so abominable that even New Leftists consider it indecent? Everyone knows about the dreadful stuff they admire, but what of the stuff that twists their maws in revulsion? Can there really be anything that disgusting?

Well there is such an abomination; it is a student review called THE ALTERNATIVE. In attempting to present alternative positions to the mischievous tommyrot of the idealistic young scoundrels, we have grown from an anti-new leftist campus underground to our present status as a truly national magazine which has distinguished itself by arousing just the right enemies and just the proper friends (as the attendant quotes reveal).

For stirring up the barbarians we stress *reactionary* standards like literacy, intelligence and humor — and one other thing, we savor what is American. The Great Republic so abounds with ghastliness and grandeur that our appetite for it never slackens.

Let the yahoos yodel about the glorious ruins of Europe, the rationality of Scandanavia, the exhilarating ambiance of the enlightened People's Republics. We smack our lips for what is American.

Consider a few of THE ALTERNATIVE's monthly features:

- **The Continuing Crisis** is an offbeat and humorous review of the past month's momentous events.
- **The Nation's Pulse** and **Letter from a Whig** by THE ALTERNATIVE's two Washington correspondents give timely and incisive reviews of what the frauds are up to on the banks of the Potomac.
- **The Bootblack Stand** — THE ALTERNATIVE's equivalent to Ann Landers (Dr. George Washington Plunkitt) aids our nation's leaders in their personal, political and psychological problems.
- **Current Wisdom**—a collection of the latest idiotic statements of Ritualistic Liberals, prefaced by suitable exegeses.

Here is a sample of some of the recent articles published in THE ALTERNATIVE:

"The Mechanical Genius of Mayor Daley" by Frank W. Blatchford III

"Student Unrest. . .The Search for Values" by Allen C. Brownfeld

"Daniel Ellsberg: The Public Penitent" by John R. Coyne, Jr. (quoted in *The Saturday Review* as the work of "snotty persons")

"America's Promise as a World Power" a symposium on defense by Senator James Buckley, Senator Henry M. Jackson, George F. Will, William Schneider, and others

Take time now to subscribe to this award-winning journal. If you are not satisfied (that it is an abomination to all idealistic New Leftists) you can cancel your subscription and obtain a full refund.

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